

GREENES

Neuer too Late. +

BOTH PARTES.

Sent to all youthfull G E N T L E M E N,
deciphering in a true English Historie, thosc
particular vanities, that with their Frostie va-
pours, nip the blossomes of every braine,
from attaining to his intended
perfection.

As pleasint as profitable, being a right Pumice stone,
*apt to race out idlenesse with delights, and
folly with aduision.*

By ROBERT GREENE, In artibus
Magister.

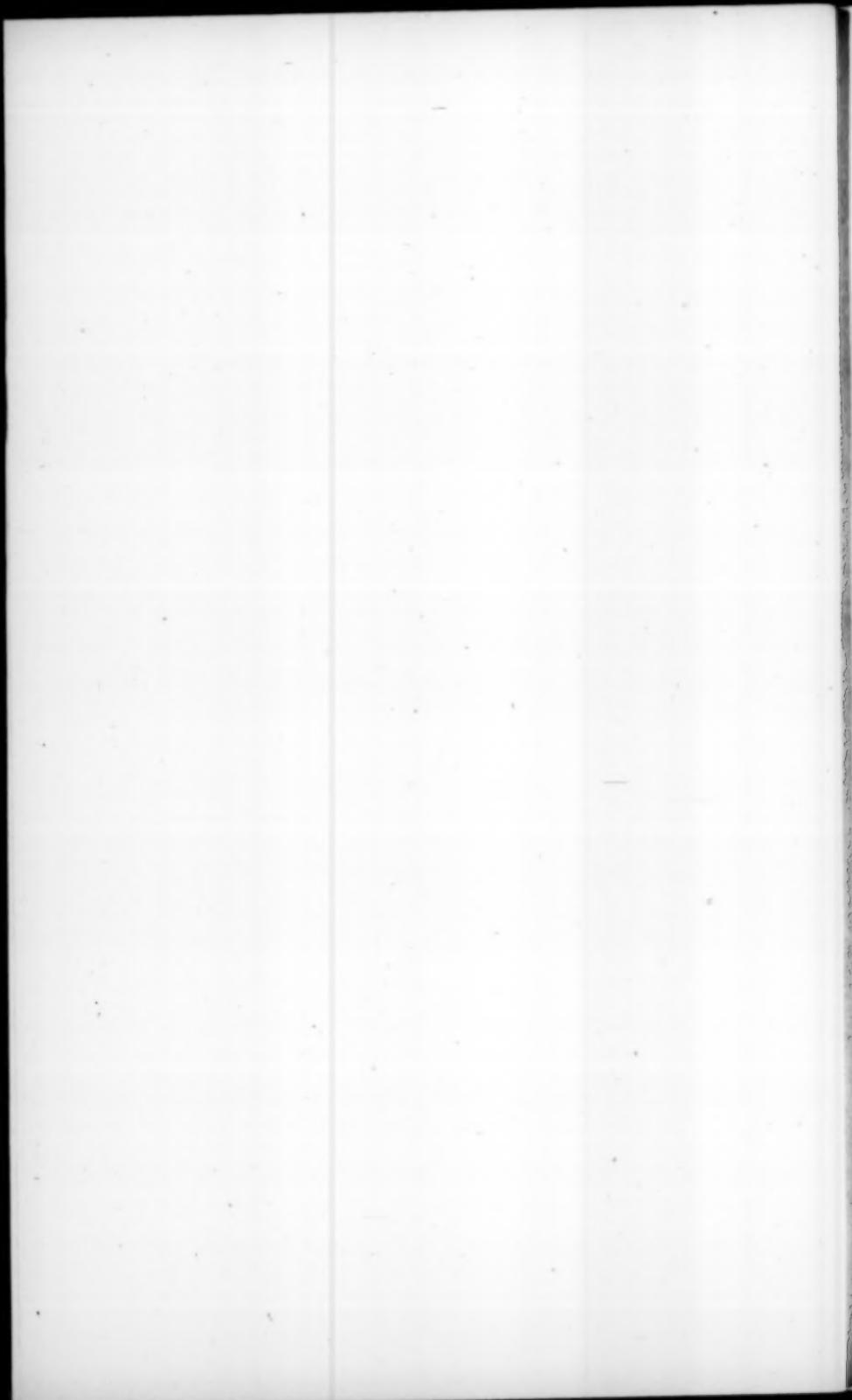
Omne tuum punctione.



LONDON,

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sold at his Shop in Saint Dunstanes Churchyard in Fleet-
street under the Diall. 1631.

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To the right Worshipfull, Tho. Barnaby,
Esquire : Robert Greene wisheth in-
crease of all honourable vertues.

 Vch (right worshipfull as courted to decke the Temple of *Delphos*, adorn'd the shrine either with greene Bayes, or curious instruments, because *Apollo* did as well patronise Musick, as Poetry, when the *Troians* sought to pacifie the wrath of *Pallas*, the peoples presents were Books and Launces, to signifie her Deitie as well defended by letters, as Armes. And they which desired to be in the fauour of *Alexander*, brought him either wise Philosophers, or hardy Souldiers : for he sought Counsellors like *Aristotle*, and Captaines like *Perdiccas*. Seeing then how gifts are the more gratefully accepted, by how much the more they fit the humor of the partie; to gratifie your Worship with somthing that might signifie, how in all bounden duty I haue for sundrie fauours been affected to your worship : and finding my abilitie to be vnfit to present you with any thing of worth, at last I resolved so farre to presum : , as to trouble your Worship with the Patronage of this Pamphlet, knowing you are such a *Mecenes* of learning, that you will as soone vouch with *Augathus* a few verses, gauen by a poore Greeke, as of the Arabian Courser, presented by *Tatinius*. The Booke is little, yet drawne from a large principle: *Nunquam era est ad bonos mores via*. Wherin I haue discouert so artificially the fraudulent effects of *Venus* trumperies, and so playnely, as in a Plat-forme layd open the preuidicall pleasures of loue, that Gentleuen may see, that as the Diamond is beauteous to the sight, and yet deadly poyson to the stomacke: that as the *Bacon* leafe containeth both the Antidote, and the Aconiton : so loue (vnicke onely grounded vpon vertue) breedeth more disparagement to the credit, then content to the fancie. If then (right Worshipfull) out of this confused Chaos Gentlemen shall gather any principles, whereby to direct their actions, and that from rath resolute maintaineres of *Venus* heresies they become reformed Champions to defend *Vestas* Philosophies, then all the profit and pleasure that shall redound to them by thi. Pamphlet, shall be attributed to your Worship, as to the man, by whose meanes this *Nunquam era* came to light. Hoping therefore, your Worship will with a fauourable insight, enter more into the minde of the giuer, then the worth of the gift, I commit your worship vnto the Almighty.

Your Worships humbly to command,

Robert Greene.

A 2

To



To the Gentlemen Readers.



Vch (Gentlemen) as had their eares fill with the
harmony of *Orpheus Harpe*, could not abide the
harsh musicke of *Hiparchions pipe*, yet the *Theffalians*
would allow the poore Fidler licence to fro-
licket it among Shepheards. Though no pictures
would goe for currant with *Alexander*, but such as past through
Apelles pensil, yet poore men had their houses shadowed with
*Phidas*as course colours. *Ennins* was called a Poet as well as *Virgil*,
and *Uulcan* with his polt foot friskt with *Venus* as well as *Mars*.

Gentlemen , if I presume to present you, as hitherto I haue
done, with fribolous toies: yet for that I stretch my strings as I can,
if you praise me not with *Orpheus*, hisse me not with *Hiparchion*:
If I paint not with *Apelles*, yet scrape not out my shadowes with
disgrace : if I stirre my stumps with *Uulcan*, though it be
lamely done, yet it is a dance: so if my *Nunquam*
sera please not, yet I pray you passe it ouer
with patience, and say, tis a booke .

So hoping I shall find
you as cuer I haue
done, I end,

Rob. Greene.



A Madrigall to wanton Louers.

You that by *Alcidalions* siluer brookes,
Sit and ligh out the passions of your loues ,
That on your Goddessē beauties feed your lookeſ ,
And pamper vp sweet *Venus* wanson doues ,
That ſeeke to ſit by *Cupids* ſcorching fire ,
And dally in the fountaine of desire :

You that account no heauen like *Venus* ſphere ,
That thinke each dimple in your Miftrelle chin
Earths Paradice, that deeme her golden haire ,
Treilles of bliſſe wherein to wander in :

That ligh and court ſuppliant, all to prooue
Cupid is God, and ther's no heauen but loue :

Come ſee the worke that *Greene* hath ſilily wrought ,
Take but his *Nunquam ſera* in your view ,
As in a mirroure there is deepeley taught :
The wanton vices of proud fances crue :
There is depainted by moſt curiuous art ,
How loue and folly iump in euery part .

There may you ſee repentence all in blacke ,
Scourging the froward paſſions of fond youth ,
How fading pleaſures end in diſmall wracke ,
How Louers ioyes are tempted all with ruth .

Sith then his *Nunquam ſera* yeelds ſuch gaines ;
Reade it, and thank the Author for his paines .

Ralph Sidney.



Spectram hortulanus vir valde opporewa locutus est.

If Horace Satyrs merit mickle praise,
For taunting such as liu'd in Paphos Ile,
If wise Propertius was in elder dayes,
Laureat for figuring out fond Venus wile:
If Rose applauded Onids pleasing verse,
That did the values that medicine loue reherse

Then English Gentles stoope and gather bayes,
Make Coronets of Floraes proudest flowers,
As gifts for Greene; for he must haue the prayse,
And taste the dewes that high Parnassus showers,
As hauing leapt beyond old Horace straine,
In taunting Louers for their fruitlesse paine,

His Nunquam for a more conceits combines,
Then Onid in his art did paint,
And sharper satyres are within his lines,
Then Martiall lung proud Venus to attaine:
Reade then his art, and all his actions proue,
There is noe toolly like to foolish loue.

Rich. Hake Gent.



Greenes *Nunquam sera est.*

Being resident in Bergamo, not farre distant from Venice, sitting vnder a cōfē shade that thē Qzow-
ded me from the extreme violēce of the meridio-
nall heat, having never a book in my hand to be-
ggle time, nor no pathetickall impression in my
head to procure any secret meditation, I had flat-
tēne into a flumber, if I had not espied a traueller weary and
desolate to have bended his steppes toward s me. Desirous to
shake off drowsiness with some company, I attended his arri-
wall: but as he dwelt nāre, he seemed so quaint in his attire,
and so conceited in his countenance, as I deined the man ei-
ther some penitent Pilgrime that was very religious, or some
despairing liuer that had bēene too too affectionate. So take his
description.

An Ode.

Downe the valley gan he tracke,
Bagge and Botle at his backe;
In a furcoate all of gray,
Such were Palmers on the way;
When with scrip and staffe they see
Iesus graue on Calverse;
A hat of straw like a swaine,
Shelter for the sun and raine,
With a Scallop shell before:
Sandals on his feete he wore:
Legs were bare, armes vnclad:
Such attire the Palmer had.
His face faire like *Titans* shine,
Gray and buxome were his eyne,
Whereout dropt pearls of sorrow,

Such

Cybernes Naser too late.

Such sweet teares loue both borrow,
When in outward dewes she plaines
Harts distresse that Louers paines:
Rubie lips, cherrie cheeke,
Such rare mixture *Venus* seekes,
When to keepe her Damsels quiter,
Beautie sets them downe their Diet.
Aaron was not thought more faire;
Curled locks of amber haire:
Locks where loue did sit and twine
Nets, to snare the gazers eyns:
Such a Palmer ne're was seene,
Lesse Loue him selfe had Palmer beeene.
Yet for all he was so quaint,
Sorrow did his visage taint.
Midst the riches of his face,
Griefe decippered high disgrace:
Every step strain'd a teare,
Suddaine sighes shew'd his feare:
And yet his feare by his sight,
Ended in a strange delight:
That his passions did approue,
Weedes and sorrow were for loue.

This attired in his traualing robes, and leveld out in the
lineaments of his physomy, (not seing me that lay close in the
thicket) he late him downe vnder a Birch tree. where after he
had taken vp his scate, with a slygh, he began thus to paint out
his passioun.

Unfortunate Palmer, whose wades discouer thy woes
whose lokes thy sorowes, who slyges thy repentance: thou
wandrest to bewaile thy sin, that heretofore hast not wondred at
the greatness of sin, & sekest now by the sight of a strange land,
to satisfie these follies committed in thy native home. Why, is
there more grace in the East, then in the West? Is God more
gracious in Iewrie, then mercifull in England more favourable
to Palmers for their travell, then pitifull to sinners for their pe-
nance? So, be not so superfluous, lest thou measuring his fauor
by

The first part.

by circumstance, hee punish thy fault in severity. Ah but the deepest vices haue the deepest corrasives: some sores cannot be cured but by *sublimatum*, and some offences, as they beginne in content, so they end in lache-cloth. I weare not this Palmers gray, to challenge grace, nor secke the holy Land, to counteruail the Law, nor am a Pilgrime, to acquittance sinne woth penance: but I content me in this hablite, to shew the meeknes of my heart, & travell through many Countries, to make other men leare to, beware by my harmes. For if I come among youth, I will shew them, that the fust buds are soonest nipt with frostes; the sweetest flowers, soonest eaten with Cankers, and the ripest and yongest wites, soonest overthowne with sollicies. If I chance among Courtiers, I will tell them, that as the starre Ariophylax is brightest, yet setteth soonest: so their glories being most gorgeous, are dasht with sodaine overthrowes. If amongst Schollers, I will prooue, that their Philosophicall axioms, their quiddities of Logick, their aphorismes of Art, are dissolved with this definite period, *Omnis sub sole vanitas*. If among Louers (and with this the teares fell from his eyes, and th sighes flew from his heast, as if all should split againe:) If quoth he, (and he doubled his woords with an Emphasis) I fall amongst Louers, I will dicipher to them, that their god is a boy, as sond as he is blind: their Goddessesse a woman, inconsistant, false flattering, like the windes that rise in the shoars of Le-panchus, which in the morning send forth gusts from the North and in the evening, calmes from the West: that their fancies are like Aprill showres, begun in a Sun-shine, and ended in a Roze: their passions dape hell, their pleasures Chimeras portraitures, sodaine loves that appearing like luno, are nothing when ix on toucheth them, but dusky and faving cloudes.

Here he stopt, and tooke his scrip from his backe, and his bottle from his sive and with such eates as he had, as Lemons, Apricoches, and Olives, hec began a Palmers barquet: which digesting with a cup of wine well tempered with water, after every draught, he sighed out this, *Nunquid sera est ad bonus more.* When he had taken his repast: casting vp his eyes to heauen as being thankfull for his benefits, and sorrowfull for his unnes, falling into a despe meditation, after he had a while lien

Greenes Neuer too late.

as a man in a trance , her started by suddenly, and with a halfe
thered countenance sung out this Ode.

The Palmers Ode.

O lde Menalcas on a day,
As in field this shepheard lay,
Tuning of his oaten pipe,
Which he hit with many a stripe :
Said to Coridon, that hee
Once was youg and full of glee :
Blithe and wanton was I then,
Such desires follow men.
As I lay and kept my sheepe,
Came the god that hated sleepe ,
Clad in armour all of fire,
Handin hand with Queene Desire :
And with a dart that wounded me,
Pierst my heart as I did lie :
That when I woke, I gan sware,
Phillis beauty palme did beare.
Up I start, forth went I,
With her face to feed mine eye :
There I saw Desire sit,
That my heart with *Loue* did hit.
Laying foorth bright *Beauties* hookes,
To intrap my gazing lookes .
Loue I did, and gan to woo,
Pray, and sigh : all would not doe :
Women when they take the toy.
Coyet to be counted coy.
Coy was shee that I gan court,
She thought *Loue* was but a spott.
Profound Hell was in my thoughts;
Such a paine Desire had wrought,
That I sued with sighes and teares,
Still ingrate she stopt her eares,
Till my youth I had spent.

The first part.

Last a passion of *Repent*,
Told me flat, that *Desire*
Was a brand of *Loues fire*,
Which consumeth men in thrall,
Virtue, youth, wit, and all.
At this law, backe I start,
Beat *Desire* from my hart,
Spoke of *Loue*, and made an oath,
To be an enemy to both,
Old I was when I thus fled
Such fond toyes as cloyd my head,
But, this I learn'd at *Vertues gate*,
The way to good is neuer late.

Nunquam ser a ad bonos mores via.

As soone as he had ended his Ode, he fell to his olde principle.
Nunquam ser a est: and confirming it with a sigh, he rose vp, and
was ready to depart towards Bergamo to take vp his Lodging
for the sunne was declining towards the West.

But I desirous to reach further into this passionate Palmer,
cross him the way with this salutation: Palmer (so; so thy ap-
parell discouers) and penitent, if the inward hart agree with thy
outward passions: if my questions may not aggravate thy griefs,
nor my demand be tedious to thy travells, let me crase of cur-
tesse whither thou doest bend the end of thy pilgrimage, that if
thou beest slept awy, I may direct thee, or if thou knowest the
Country, I may wish bon fortune to thy iourney, so; I haue all
my life time coueted to be faithfull to my friends, & courteous
to strangers. The Palmer (amazed at my sodaine salutation)
steps backe and bent his bbowes, as if he feared some preludice
or were offended at my presence: but when he saw me weapon-
lesse, and without company, and yet so affable in words, and
a benigne in exterior courtesies as might imposse a Gentleman, he
devoutly moued his bonnet of gray, and made this reply:

Gentleman (so; no lesse you seeme) if the flower may bee
knownes by smell, or the man by his words: I am a Palmer, dis-
covered by my gray; and penitent, if you note my griefe, which
sorrow is as effectnall, as my attire is littel counterfeit. The di-

Greenes Neuer too late.

rection of my journey is not to Ierusalem : so; my faith tells me, Christ can do as great fauour dwyne in England, as in Ieriche : and prayers are not heard so; the place, but in the behalfe of the person heartily repentant. By natine homes England, the end of my tourney is Venice , where I meane to biste an old friend of mine an Englishman, to whom I haue bin long time indebted, and now meane partly to repay wi' such storse as I haue bought with hard experiance. This night I will rest in the next village : and thos I hope sir, you rest satisfied.

This answer of the Palmer made me the more desirous to enquire into his sta's , that I entreated him I might be host to such a guest; and seeing I was resident in Bergamo, where that night he meant to harbour, such lodging as a Country gentleman could afford and such cheare as such a village mig: fit on the sodaine yeld, shoud be at his command.

Well could this Palmer shill of curteisie, and returning me many thanks, boucheth of my proffer, & was willing to take my house so; his Inne. As we past on the way, wee chanced to fall into prattle thus. Sir (quoth I) if I might with many questions not be offensiu: I wold faine bee inquisitiue to know, as you haue passed along France, Germany and Rhine and part of Italy, what you haue noted worthy of memory. Mouing his cap as a man that was passing courteous, he answered thus: I tell you sir (quoth he) as a foolish question merits silence, so a familiar demand craves a friendly reply of dutie, although Zeno the philosopher counted it more honour, to be a silent natural then an eloquent Doctor. But as I am not a Gymnosophist, to tangle at every Sophisticall obiectioun: No I am not a senere Stoike, to answere but by sillables: and therefore thus to your question.

After I had cut from Doue: to Calice , I remembred what old Homer wylt of Villes , that bee coueted, not only to see strange Countries, but with a deepe in-sight to haue a view into the manners of men: so I thought, as I passed through Paris, not only to please mine eie with the curious Architectore of the citie, but with the diuers dispositions of the Inhabitants. I found therfore the Court (so; I aime first at the fairest) to haue a King, & so; to royall a Regiment, if he had beeene as perfect in true

The first part.

true religion, as politique in martiall discipline; the Courtiers; they as Aristippus, fatoned vpon Dionysius, turning like to the Camelion, into the likenesses of every obiect that the King professed to their humorous conceits: so if the King smilid, every one in the Court was in his iollitie: if he strokned, their plumes fell like the Peacockes feathers, so that their outward presence depended on his inward passions. Generally so, but particularly thus: the French gentlemen are amorous, as soone perswaded by the beauty of their mistris, to make a bratwe, as for the maintenance of Religion to enter armes: their eyes are like Salamander stones, that fire at the sight of every flame: their hearts as queasie as the minerals of Eua, that borne at the heate of the sunne, are quencht with the puse of every winde. They count it courtlike, to spend their youth in courting of Ladies, and their age in repenting of sinnes, yet more forward in the one, then deuout in the other. They bandy glances vpon every face, as though they would approue every passion for a principle, they set downe the period with a deepe sigh: yet, as the breath of a man vpon Steele, no sooner lighteth on, but it leapeith off, so is the beginning and ending of their loues.

Thus much for their Amours. Now for their Armes, they be hardy souldiers, and resolute, (for their faith, friendship, religion, or other particular qualities, (for there is a league betwixt vs and them,) I will spare to speake, lest in being satyricall, I should piod too farre with Diogenes, or in flattering their faults, or their follies, I should claw afooles shoulder with Dauis in Terence: skipping therefore from them to the Germanes. Nay, stay sir (quoth I) before you passe the Alpes, giue mee leave to hold you an houre still in Lions: for though you be a Palmer, and religious, yet I hope such darke devotion restid not in you, but an ounce of Venus favours hang in your eyes, and when you had spent the morning in Lyons, you could in the afternoon lend a glance to a faire Lady. The Eagle soares not so high in the ayre, but shee can espie a little fish in the sea: the sonne in Cancer goes retrograde, the coldest clime hath his summer, and Apollo was never so foicall, but *semel in anno* he could let fall a smile; and the most severe Pilgrime or Palmer hath an eye as well as a heart, and a looks to lend to beauty, as a thought to bend

Greenes Neuer too late.

bend to Theologie: therefore, I pray you, what thinke you of the French women? At this question, although his gravitie was great yet with a pleasant countenance he made this reply: Although fire is hote, as well in the coldest Region of the North, as in the furthest Southerne paralell: the grasse of the same colour in Egypt, as it is in Lewry, & women wheresoever they be bred, be mala necessaria, yet though their generall essence bee all one, as comming from Eva, and therfore froward, inconstant, light, amorous, deceiptfull, and quid non? better deciphered by Manuan, then I can make description of: yet as the Diamonds in Indiae be moze hard then the Cornish Stones in England; as the Margarites of the West are moze oixent then the Pearles of the South: so womens affections are affected after the disposition of the clime wherein they are boorne: although Auicen in his Aphorismes sets downe this conclusion, that thornes nowhere grow without prickes, nor nettles without stings: but leaving off this preamble: thus to your question. The Women in France generally, as concerning the extremer lineaments of their outward perfection, are beautifull, as being Metherly scaled neere great Britaine, where Nature sits and hatcheth beautious Paramours: yet although *Natura naturans* hath shewed her cunning in their pastraitures, as women that thinke nothing perfect, that Arte hath not polished, that haue drugges of Alexandria, minerals of Egypt, waters from Tharsus, paintings from Spaine, and what to doe forsooth? To make them moze beautifull then vertuous, and moze pleasing in the eyes of men, then delightfull in the sight of God: this is but their extremer vanity that blemisbeth their inward vertues, if they haue any. But more to their interiour inclination. Some, as if they were Grotaries unto Venus, and at their nativitie had no other influence, take no pleasure but in amorous Passions, no delight but in Madrigals of Loue, wetting Cupids wings with Rosewater, and tricking vp his quiner with sweete perfumes, they set out their faces as Fowlers do their daring glasses, that the Larkes that soare highest, may stoope soonest; assoone as the pore louing soles are wapt within their nets, then they sne with sighs, and plead with Sounets, faint teares, and paint out passions to winne her, that seeming to be coy, comes at the first lure:

The first part.

Inre: for when they see yong nouices infrapt, then the French dames ars like to the people Hiperborei, that spurning liquo-
rice with their feete, secretly slacke their hunger with the luyce
thereof: so they outwardly seeming to contenne their sutours
motions, stand in deadly feare lest they shold leaue off their
amorous passions: so that they haue lone in their eye-liddes, so
slenderly tacked on by fancy, as it drops off with every dreame,
and is shakt off with every baine slumber. Some of them are
as Sappo was, subtle to allure, and Slipperis to deceiuie, hauing
their hearts made of ware, ready to receive every impression,
not content till they haue as many louers, as their hearts haue
entrances for lone, and those are like to Dumice Stones that are
light and full of holes. Some are as inconstante as Cressids,
that, as Troylus never so trus, yet out of sight, out of minde: and
as sone as Diomede beginnes to court, shew like Venetian tra-
fique, as for his penny, currant .*acurrendo*, sterlinc coyne, passa-
ble from man to man in way of exchange. Others are as Lidia,
cruell, whose harts are hammered in the forge of pride, thinking
themselves too good for all, and none worthy of them, and yet
ofttimes nestling all day in the Sunne with the Wattle, are at
night consented with a cowherd for shelter. These haue eyes
of Basilisks, that are preuidicall to every object, and harts of
Adamant, not any way to be pierced: and yet, I thinke, not dy-
ing maides, nor leading Aps to Hell: for Vertues sacrifice cea-
sed long since in Rome, & virgins are as rare as blacke Swans:
opportunity is a soye plea in Venus court, able, I tell you, to ou-
erthrow the coyest that is. I could inferrre more particula-
r instances, and distinguishe moze at large of the French Gentle-
woman: but let me leau them to their humourous vanities, and
resolute our selues that Ireland both not onely bring sooz th
~~Wolues~~, nor Egypt Crocodiles, nor Barbaric Leopards, nor
France such qualifid women: but as the earth yelds worts as
well in the lowe vallyes, as in the highest mountaines, so
women are uniuersally *mala necessaria*, wheresouer they be ei-
ther bred or brought vp. With this conclusive period he brea-
thed him: and I could not but smile, to see the Palmer shake his
head at the fondnesse of women, as a man that had bene galled
with their ingratitude. Well, after he had paused a little, he left
France,

Greenes Neuer tōt late.

France, and begann to talk of Germanie, and that was thus: After I had left Lions, I passed by the Alpes, and coasted into Germany, whereas I found the Countrey seated under a colde clime: so I perceyued the people high-minded, & fuller of wrodes then of courtesie, given more to drinke, then to devotion, & yet sundry places studded with Schismes and Heresies, as people that delight to be factious. There might you see their interioz vanities more then their outward apparell bid impost, and oft times their vants more then their manhood. For lone, as I saw Venus of no great account, yet shee had there a Temple, and though they did not beautify it with Jewels, they plainely powred forth such Divisons, as did bewray, though they could not court it as the French did with Art, yet their lust was not lesse, nor their lives more honest. Because the people were little affable, I greev not so farre inquisitive of their manners and customes, but fisco pede past them ouer, so that I travelled by as farre as Vienna, where I saw a thing worthy of memory. In a valley betwix two high mountaines, toppt with trees of maruaillous bverdure, whereby ran a fountaine pleasant, aswell for the marmure of the streames, as for the sweetnesse of waters, there was situated a little Lodge artificially built, and at the doore a man of very great grauity, and no lesse age, late leaning vpon his staffe, so to take the benefite of the ayre and the Sun: his haire were as white as the threeds of silke in Arabia, or as the Palme trees on the mount of Lebanon: many yeares had mad: furrowis in his face, where Experience late and seemed to tell forth Diacles: Denotion appeared in his habite, & his outward cloth discoursing his inward heart, that the old Hermite seemed in the world a resolute despiser of the world. Standing a while, and wondering at this old man, at last all reverence done that his yeres did require, or my youth was bound unto, after salutations, I questioned him of the order of his life: who answered me with such curtesie and humilitie, as I perceiued in his wrodes the perfect Idea of a mortified man. After sundry questions broken with *pro & contra*, at last he tooke me by the hand, & carried mee into his Cell, where I found not those Vienilia which Tully sayes are necessarie to be in every Cottage, but I found booke, and that of Theologie: a drinking cup, & that was full

The first Part.

full of water: a dead mans skull, an houre glasse, and a Bible: thus onely was his house garnished. After he had set downe a little, he looked moe very earnestly in the face, as a man that had some skil in Physiognomy, to censure of the inward qualitie by the outward appearance: at last, in rough high Dutch verbes he thus breathed out his opinion, which I dize to thus into blanke verse.

The Hermites Exordium.

Here looke (my sonne) for no vaine glorious shewes
Of roiall apparition for the eye,
Humble and meeke befitteh men of yeeres:
Behold my Cell built in a silent shade,
Holding conuent for Pouertie and peace,
And in my Lodge is fealtie, and faith,
Labour and loue vntied in one league.
I want not for my minde, affordeth wealth:
I know not Envie, for I climenot hie:
Thus doe I liue, and thus I meane to die.

Then he stopt to his shelfe, and takes downe a Deaths head, whereon looking as a man that meditated vpon some depe matter, he shake his head and the teares standing in his eyes, he prosecuted his matter thus.

If that the world presents illusions,
Or Satan seekes to puffe me vp with pompe,
As man is fraile and apt to follow pride:
Then see, my sonne, where I haue in my Cell,
A dead mans skull, which calls this straight to minde,
That as this is, so must my ending be.
When then I see, that earth to earth must passe,
I sigh, and say, all flesh is like to grass.

After he had thus expained the reason why he kept the dead mans skull in his Cell, he reacht to his houre glasse, and vpon that he began thus to descant.

If care to live, or sweete delight in life,
As man desires to see out many dayes,

Greenes Neuer too late.

Drawes me to listen to the flattering world,
Then see my glasse which swiftly out doth runne,
Consparde to man, who dies ere he begins,
Tis tels me time slackes not his passing course,
But as a Glasse runnes out with every houre,
Some in their youth, some in their weakest age,
All sure to die, but no man knowes his time.
But this I thinke, how vaine a thing is man,
Whose longest life is likened to a span ?

Lastly, he tooke his Bible in his hand, whereupon leaning his
arme, he amptised thus.

When Satan to sift me with his wiles,
Or proudly dares to give a fierce assault,
To make a shipwracke of my faith with scares,
Then armde at all points to withstand the foe
With holy armour : here's the martiall sword :
This Booke, this Bible, this two-edged blade,
Whose sweete content pierceth the Gates of hell :
Deciphering lawes and discipline of warre,
To ouerthrow the strength of Satans iare.

Thus the Vermit discouered to me the secrets of his Cell :
and after, that I should be p'sute to all his pathetrical conceits,
he brought forth a few roo'es, and such simple diet as he had to
conforme that he tyed Nature every way within her limites.
Wondring at the methode he used in his Cell, after I had taken
my repast with him, as we met courteously, we parted friend-
ly: he with exhortations to beware of yonthes follies. I with
thankes and reverence to his aged peers, for his graue, and fa-
therly perswasion : so I went from his Cell to Vienna, and
from thence coasted vp into the borders of Italie.

The Palmer had scarce named Italie, but we were come to
my houle where I gane hym such entertainment, as either the
abilitie of my substance, the plen'tie of the country, or the shor-
nesse of the time could afford: and because I would every way
grace him I brought downe my wife to gine him a royall wel-
come, a favour selome shewed in Italie : yet because he was a
Palmer,

The first Part.

Palmer and his profession valued beauty at a light p̄ice, I did him that grace. To be shōt, at last wee late downe to supper & there past the time with such pleasing chat, as the pleasant Palmer pleased to conserue vpon. Supper done, I desired the Palmer to discourse (if it were not offensive) what reason māued him to direct his Pilgrimage onely to Venice. Raising himselfe vp with a smiling countenance, he made this reply.

Courteous Gentleman, soz so much your affable & liberall disposition doth approue, Jupiter when he was entertained by poore Baucis, accounted ingratitude so halinous, as he turned their Cottage to a Temple, and make them sacrificers at his Altars: Hospitality is so precious, as no price may value. Then if I should not grant any lawfull demand, I might seeme as lielie pliant to humanity, as you liable to courtesie: and therfore if the Gentlewoman your wife and you will sit vp to heare the discourses of a traveller, I will first rehearse you an English History acted and euented in my country of England: but soz that the Gentleman is yet living, I will shadew his name, althoough I manifest his selues, and when I haue made relation, I will shew why I directed the course of my Pilgrimage, onely to Venice. My wife by her countenance seemed to be maruulous content, and my selfe kept silence. Whereupon the Palmer began as followeth.

The Palmers tale.

In those daies when Palmerin raigned King of great Britaine, famous for his daies of Chivalrie, there dwelled in the Cittie of Caerbrancke, a Gentleman of an ancient house calld Franceico, a man, whose Parentage, though it were worshipfull, yet it was not indued with much wealth: insomuch, that his learning was better then his renennues, and his wit moze beneficiall then his substance. This Seignior Francelico desirous to bend the course of his compasse to some peaceable Porte, spred no more cloth in the winde then might make easte leste, leſt hysselfe vp so suddenly abone the mayneyard, some sudden gulf might make him founder in the dape. Though

Greenes Neuer too late.

he were yong, yet he was not rash with Icarus, to soare into the skie, but to crete out with old De talas, *Medium tenere tutissimum*: treading his shre without any slippe. He was so generally loued of the Citizens, that the richest Merchant, or grauest Burghmaster would not refuse to grant him his daughter to mariage, hoping more of his insluing fortunes, then of his present iuolance. At last castinge his eye on a Gentlemans daughter that dwelt not far from Caebranck, he fell in loue, & prosecuted his suite with such affable curtesie, as the maid considering the vertue and wit of the man, was content to set by her rest with him, so that her fathers consent might be at the kniting by of the match. Francesco thinking himselfe cochesure, as a man that hoped his credite in the Citie might carrie away more then a countrey Gentlemans daughter, finding her father on a day at his oppoztunity, he made the motion about the grant of his daughters mariage. The old churle that listned with both eares to such a question, did not in this *in utramque aures dormire*, but leaning on his elbow, made present answere, that her dowry required a greater seafment then his lands were able to afford. And vpon that, without further debating of the matter, he rose vp and hied him home: whither as soone as he came he calld his daughtres before him, whose name was Isobel, to whom he vitered these words. *Why, hast wife (quoth he) are you so sole tasked, that you stand vpon thornes vntill you haue a husband? are you no sooner hatched with the Lapwing, but you will run away with the shell on your head? Hoone pickts the tre that will proue a thorne, and a girle that loues too soone will repent too late. What a Husband? why, the Maides of Rome durst not looke at Venus Temple vntill they were thirtie, no: went they unmasked vntill they were married, that neither their beaties might allure other, nor they glance thair eye on euerie wanton. I tell the sond Citie, when Natus over-flowelth before his time, Egypt is plagued with a dearth: thair trees that blossom in February, are nipp'd with the frost in May; untimely fruits had never god sorte, & young Gentlewomen, that are wooed and won ere they be wise, sorrow and repent before they be old. What feest thou? Francesco that thine eye must chosse, and thy heart must fancie his he beautifull? Why, sond*

The first part.

fond girle, what the eye liketh at moerne, it hateth at night: loue is like a baner but a blare: and beauty, why how can I better compare it then to the gorgeous Cedar, that is onely for she wo, nothing for profit / to the apples of Tantalus, that are precious in the eye, and dust in the hand / to the starre Artophylax that is most bright, but fit for not for any Compasse: so yong men that stand vpon their outward portraiture, I tell thes they are preuidiall: Demophoon was faire, but hevde dealt her with Phyllis / Ennes was a byanie man, but a dissemler: fond girle, all but little iwo:th if they be not wealthy: and I pray thes what substance hath Francesco to indure thes with? Hast thou not heard that want breakes amity, that loue beginneth in gold, and endeth in beggery, that such as marry but to a faire face, tie themselves oft to a soule bargaine? And what will thou doe with a husband that is not able to maintaine thes? Buy so: with a drazm of pleasure with a pound of sorrow, and a pint of content with a whole tunne of preuidiall displeasures. But why doe I call stones into the ayre, or breath my wozds into the winde, when to perswade a woman from her will, is to roll Sisyphus stome: or to tie a head strong girle from loue, is to tie the Faries again in Fetters? Therefore his wife, to prevent al misfortunes, I wil be your Taylo: And with that he carried her in, and shut her vp in his owne chamber, not giving her leane to depart, but when his key gaue her license; yet at last she so cunningly dissemlered, that she got thus faire libertie, not to be close prisoner, but to walke about the house: yet euery night he shut vp her clothes, that no nightlie feare of her escape might hinder his broken slumbers.

Where leaving her, let vs returne to Francesco, who to his sorrow heard of all these hard fortunes: and being penitue, was full of may passions, but almost in despatre, as a man that durst not come nigh her fathers doore, nor send any letters wherby to comfort his Mistresse, or to lay any plot of her libertie: for no sooner any stranger came thither, but he suspicid they came from Francesco, first sent vp his daughter into her Chamber; then, as watchfull as Argus with all his eyes, he pzyed into euery particular gestures and behaviour of the party: and if any italians humour took him in the head, he would not onely be ve-

Grecies Neuer to late.

Hee ir quistine with cuttling questions, but would straine curte-
nes, and search them very narrowly, whether they had any let-
ters or no to his daughter Isabel.

This narrow inquisition made the yong Gentleman almost
franticke, that he turned ouer *Anacreon*, *Ovide Arioste Amandi*,
and all booke that might teach him any slights of loue: but for
all their principles, his owne wit serued him for the best shifft,
and that was happily begun, and fortunatly ended thus. It
chanced, that as he walked thus in his muses, fetching the com-
paſſe of his conceit beyond the moone he met with a yonge Wo-
man, who as her custome was began her exordium with, I pray
god Master, and lo ſor;h, hoping to find the Gentleman as li-
berall, as he was full of gracious fauours: neither did ſhe misle
other imagination; for he that thought her likely to be drawne
ento the executing of his purpose, conceited thus, that gold was
as good as glew to knit her to any practice whatſoever, and
therefore out with his purse, and clapt her in the hand with a
French crowne. This unaccustomed reward made her more
franch of courtesies, that every rag reaſt the Gentleman a re-
uerence, with promise of many prayers for his health. He that
harped on another string,ooke the woman by the hand, and ſitting
downe vpon the grēne grasse, diſcouerſt unto her from point
to point the beginning and ſequell of his loues, and how by no
meanes (except by her) he could conuay any letter: The begger
desirous to doe the Gentleman any pleasure, ſaid ſhee was
ready to take any paines that might rebound to his con-
tent.

Wherupon he replied thus: Then mother, thou ſhalt goe to
yonder Abby which is her fathers house, and when thou com-
mett thiſher, vſe thy wonted eloquence to intreat for thy almes:
if the Master of the house be present, ſhew thy paſpoſt, and ſame
very paſſionate: but if he be abſent or out of the way then, oh
then mother, looke about if thou ſeſt Diana masking in the ſhape
of a Virginie, if thou ſpielt Venus, nay one moare beautiſull then
ones Goddess, and I tell thee ſhe is my loue, faire Isabel, whom
he uſhalt diſcerne from her other ſister thus: her viſage is faire,
containing as great reſemblance of vertue, as lineaments of
beautie, and yet I tell thee ſhe is full of fauer, whether thou re-
ſpect

The first part.

Specious the outward posture or inward perfectiō; her ſte is like the Diamond, and ſo pointed, that it pierceth to the quicke, yet ſo chal in the motion, as therein is ſaine as in a mirror; courteous temped with a vertuous diſdaine: her countenance is the very map of modēſty: and to glue thē a mo:re mērc mark, if thou findest her in the way, thou ſhalt ſee her mo:re liberall to bellow, then thou pitifull to demand: her name is Iſabel: to her from me ſhalt thou carrie a letter folded by every way like a poſt, with a greaſie backelde, and a great ſeale. If cunningly and cloſely thou cauſt thus conuey unto her the tenour of my mind, when thou bringest unto me an anſwe:re I will glue thē a brace of Angels. She pwe:woman was glad of this proffer, and thereupon promiſed to venture a loynt, but ſhe would further him in his lones: whereupon ſhe followed him to his chamber, and the while he w̄rit a letter to this effect.

Segrin Franceses to faire Iſabel.

VVen I note(faire Iſabel) the extremity of thy fortunes and meaſure of the paſſions of my loue, I finde that Venus hath made thē conſtant to requite my miſeries, and that where the greateſt onſet is giuen by ſotune, there is ſtrongeſt deſence made by affection: ſo, I heard that thy faſher, ſu'pituous, or rather tealous of our late united ſympathy, doth wate: like Argus ouer yo, not ſuffering thē to paſſe beyond the reach of his eye, unleſſe (as he thinks) thou ſhouldſt ouer-reach thy ſelfe. His mind is like the Eſpers in Iauis Temple, that ſet once on fire, burne till they conſume themſelues: his thoughts like the Sun-beames, that ſearch every ſecret. Thus watching thē, he ouerwaketh himſelue, and yet (I hope) profiteth as little as they which gaze on the flames of Eſra, which vaniſh out of their ſight in ſmoake.

I have heard them ſay, (faire Iſabel) that as the Diamonds are tried by cutting of glasse, the Topace by biding the ſoſte of the anuile, the Bether wood by the hardneſſe, ſo womens exceilence is diſcovered in their conſtançy: Then if the period of all their vertues conſiſt in this, that they take in loue by mo:ths and let it ſlip by minutes, that as the Co:toſe they craue

p. d. e.

Greenes Neuer to late.

pedestrian, and when they come to their rest, will hardly be removed. I hope thou wilt confirme in thy loue the bevy patterne of feminine loyalty, having no motion in thy thoughts, but sanctie, and no affection, but to thy Francesco. In that I am stopped from thy sight, I am depryed of the chiefeſt organ of my life, haſing no ſenſe in my life perfect; in that I want the bieke of thy perſecution, ready with ſorrow to perish in deſpair, if reſolued of thy conſtanſy, I did not triumph in hope. Therefore now reſt it in thee to ſalve all theſe ſothes, and provide medicines for theſe dangerous maladieſ, that our paſſions appeaſed, we may end our harmoニー in the faithfull union of two hearts. Then feeleſt, Love hath his ſhifts, and Venus quidnites are moſt subtle wo- phiftrey; that he which is touched with beauty, is ever in league with oppoſitneſſe: theſe principles are pzoned by the meſſenger, whose ſtate diſcoveres my reſtleſſe thoughts, impatient of any longer repuleſe. I haue therefore ſought to ouermatch thy faſher in poſtice, as he ouerſtaineſ vs in tealousie, and ſeeing he ſakes it, to let him find a knot in a rush: as therefore I haue ſent theſe the ſum of my paſſions in the forme of a Paſpoſt, returns me a reply wapt in the ſame paper, that as wee are forced to court our deceits in one shift, ſo hereaſter we may unite our loues in one Empathy: appoint what I ſhall doe to compaſſe a priuate conſeſſion. Thynke I will account of the Deas as Leander: of the Warres as Troylus: of all dangers as a man reſolved to attempt any peril, or break any preiudice ſo, thy ſake. Day, when, and where I shall meete theſe, & ſo, as I begun paſſionately, I breake off abruptly. Farewell.

Thine in fatal resolution,
Seigneur Francesco.

After he had written the letter, & diſpatcht the meſſenger, her minde was ſo fixt on the brace of Angels, that she stirred her old ſtumps till the came to the houſe of Seigneur Fregofeo, who at that instant was walkt abroad, to take viewe of his paſtures. She ne ſooner began her methode of beggning with a ſolemne prayer, and a pater noster, but liabel, wypole deuotion was

The first part.

Was ever bent to pitte the pōze, came to the doze, to ſe the ne-
ceſſy of the party, who began to ſalute her thus: Faire Mistris
whofe vertues excede your beauties, and yet I doubt not but
you dñe your perſection equiualent with the rareſt paragons
in Brittaine: as your eye receives the obiect of my miſery, ſo let
your hart haue an iſight into my extremitieſ, who once was
young, and then fauoured by ſortune, now old and croſſed by the
deſtinieſ, diuen when I am weakeſt to the wall, and when I
am woſt able, foſed to hoſt the candle: Wixing then the fauileſ
of my youth haue forced the fall of mine age, and I am diuen in
the winter of my yeareſ, to abide the brunt of al clozmes, let the
plenteſ of your youth pitte the want of my decrepite ſtate: and
the rather, because my fortune was once as high as my fall is
now low: foſt pزوofe ſweet Mistris, ſee my paſpoſt, wherein you
ſhall find my paſſions and much patiencie, at which period, ma-
king a curteſie, her very rags ſeemed to give Iſabel reverencie.
Shee hearing the begger iſtinue with ſuch a ſenſible pre-
amble, thought the woman had had ſome god parts in her & there-
foſe tooke her certificate: which as ſone as ſhe had opened, and
that ſhe perceived it was Francescoes hand, ſhe ſmiled, and yet
bewayed a paſſion with a bluſh. So that ſtepping from the w-
man, ſhe went into her chamber, where ſhe read it ouer with
ſuch pathetickall impreſſions, as every motion was intangled
with a dilemma: foſt on the one ſide, the loue of Francesco groun-
ded moſe on his interiour vertues, then his exteriour beauties,
gave ſoſt fierce auſſaults to the bulwark of her affections, as the
Foſt was ready to be yelded vp: but that the feare of her Fa-
thers displeasure, armed with the iſtagiations of nature, diane
her to meditate thus with her ſelfe.

Now Iſabel, Loue and Fortune haue brought the into a
labyrinth, thy thoughts are like Janus pictures that preeſent both
peace and warre, and thy minde like Venus Anuile, whereon is
hammered both Feare and Hope: With then the chance lieth in
thine owne choice, doe not with Medea, ſee and allow of the beſt,
and then follow the woſt: but of two extremes, if they be Im-
mediata, choose that may haue leaſt priuidue, and moſt profit.
Thy father is aged, and wiſe, and many yeareſ hath taught
him muſh expeſience. The old Fore is moſe ſubtile than the

Greenes Neuer too late.

young Cub, the Backe more skilfull to chuse his foode then the young Falwes. Men of age, feare and soze-sé that which youth leapeth at with repentance. If then his graue wiſdome excedes thy gréene wit, and his ripened fruits thy ſprouting blossoms, thinke if he ſpeakē ſo; thy auailē, as his principles are perfect, ſo they are grounded on Loue and Nature. It is a náre collop, ſayes he, iſ cut of thy owne flesh, and the ſtay of thy Fortunes, is the ſtaffe of thy life: no doubt hee ſees with a moze piercing iudgement into the life of Francesco: ſo; thou ouercome with fancie, cencurſt of all his actions with partialitie. Francesco, though he be young and beautifull, yet his reuenewes are not anſwerable to his fauours: the Cedar is faire, but unfruitfull, the Volgo a bright Greame, but without fish: men couet rather to plant the Olive ſo; profit, then the Alder ſo; beauty, and young Gentlwomen ſhould rather fancy to haue, then affect to iuft: ſo; loue without lands, is like to a fire without ſewell, that ſo; a while ſheweth a bright blaze and in a moment dieth in his owne cinders. Dofthou thinkē this, Isabel, that thine eye may not ſurſet ſo with beautie, that the minde ſhall vomite by repen- tance? yes, ſo; the faireſt Roſes haue prickes, the pureſt lawnes their moles, the brighteſt Diamonds their crackes, and the moſt beautifull men of the moſt imperfect conditions; ſo; nature hauing care to poſh the body ſo faire, ouerwánes her ſelfe in her excellency, that ſhe leaues their minds imperfect. Whither now Isabel, into absurd Aphorismes? What, can thy Father per- ſuade thē to this, that the moſt glōrious ſhels haue not the moſt orient margarites, that the pureſt flowers haue not the moſt perfect fauours, that men, as the excel in proportion of body, ſo they excede in perfection of minde? Is not nature both curiouſ and absolute, hidin the moſt vertuous minds in the moſt beautifull countures? Why, what of this, fond girtle? Suppose theſe p̄omises to be granted, yet they infer no conclusion: ſo; ſuppoſe he be beautifull and vertuous, and his wit is equall with his parentage, yet he wants wealth to maintaine Loue, and there- ſoze, ſayes old Fregolo, not worthy of Isabels loue. Whall I then tie my affection to his Lands ſo; to his lineaments? To his ri- ches, or his qualties? Are Venus altars to be filled with gold, a; loyaltie of hart? Is the ſympathy of Cupids conſiloy unlied

The first part.

in the abundance of coyne: or the absolute perfection of confan-
cie? Ah Isabel, thinke this, that loue b:ooketh no exception of
want, that where Fancie displaies her colours, there alwayes
either Plentie keeps her court, or else Patience so tempers eve-
ry extreme, that all defects are supplied with content. Upon
this, as haing a further reach, and a deeper insight, she scpt as
hastily to her Standish, and wxit him this answere.

Isabel to Francesco, health.

Although the nature of a Father, and the duty of a childe,
might moue me resolutely to reiect thy letters, yet I recei-
ued them, so; that thou art Francesco, and I Isabel, who were
once p:ivate in affection, as now we are distant in places. But
know my father, whose command to me is a law of constraint,
sets dolone this censure, that loue without wealth, is like to a
Cedar tree without fruit, or to coyne丢了 in the sandes, that
withereth so; want of moysture: and I haue reason Francesco
to deare of snow by the whitenesse, and of trees by the blossoms.
The old man, whose wordes are Dzaelis, telles me, that loue
that entereth in a moment, flieth out in a minute; that mens
affections are like the dew upon a Chistall, which no sooner
lighteth on, but it leapeth off: their eyes with every glance make
a new choice, and every looks can command a sigh, hauing
their hearts like salt-peeter, that sterceth at the first, and yet
p:oweth but a flesh: their thoughts reaching as highas Cedars,
but as brittle as rods, that breake with every blast. Had Car-
thage bene bereft of so famous a Virago, if the Trojan had
bene as constant as he was comely? Had the Queene of Po-
etrie bene pinched with so many passions, if the wanton Ferri-
man had bene as faithfull as he was faire? No, Francesco, and
therefore seeing the brightest blossomes are pestered with most
Caterpillers, the sweetest Roses with the sharpest prickes,
the fairest Cambyses with the soulest stains, and men with
the best proportion, haue commonly least perfection; I may
feare to swallow the booke, lest I finde more bane in the con-
fection, then pleasure in the bait. But here let me breathe, and
with sighes sofere mine alone folly. Women, poore soules, are
like to the Harts in Calabria, that knowing Dictamnum to bee

Greenes Neuer too late.

deadly, yet brouse on it with greedinesse : resembling the Fish Mugra, that siring the hook bare, yet swallows it with delight: so women soze-sé, yet do not prevent knowing what is profitable, yet not eschewing the prejudice : So Francesco, I see thy beauties, I know thy want, and I seare thy vanities, yet car I not but allaw of all, were they the worst of all, because I finde in my minde this principall: In Loue is no lacke. What should I Francesco, couet to dally with the mouse, when the Cat standes by, or fill my letter ful of needlesse ambages, when my father, like Argus, setteth a hundred eyes to ouer-prye my actions? while I am writing, thy messenger stands at the doore praying: theresoze, lest I should hold her too long in her Oylions, or kepe this (worse man) too long in suspence: thus briesely: Be vpon Thursday next at night, hard by the Orchard vnder the greatest Oke, where expect my comming, prouide for our safe passage: so Roode all the world on the one side, and thou on the other, Francesco should be my guide, to direct me whither he pleased. Faile not then, unlesse thou be false to her, that would haue life faile, ere she falle. falle to that.

Not her owne, because thine, Isobel.

Asoone as she had dispatcht her letter, she came downe, & delivered the letter in forme of a pasport to the messenger giving her after her accustomed manner an almes, and closely clapt her in the fist with a brace of Angels. The women thanking her good Master, and her good Mistris, giving the house her benison, bid her backe againe to Francesco, whom she sound sitting solitarie in his Chamber: no sooner did hee espie her, but flinging out of his chaire, he changed colour, as a man in a doubtfull exaste what should beside: yet conceiving god hope by her countenance, who smiled more at the remembraunce of her reward, then at any other conceite, he tooke the letter, and read it, wherein he found his humour so fitted, that he not only thanked the messenger, but gaue her all the money in his purse, so that she returnes so highly gratified, as never afterward she was found to exercise her old occupation. But leaving her to the hope of her hauiswifery, againe to Francesco, who siring the constant affection of his Mistris, that neither the fowre looks of her fa-
ther,

The first part.

ther, nor his hard th;eates could affright her, to make change of her fancy, that no disaster fortune could dye her to make shipwacke of her fixed affection, that the blasting stormes of aduersity might assault, but not slack the soi of her constant resolution ha^t fall into this pleasing passion: Women (quoth he) why, as they are heauens wealth, so they are earths miracles, fram'd by nature to despight beauty, abozned with the singularitie of proportion, to sh;ow the excellency of all perfection, as far exceeding men in vertues, as they excell them in beauties, resembling Angels in qualites, as they are like to Gods in perfectnesse, being purer in mind, then in mortall, & yet made of the purity of man: iust are they, as gining Loue her due:constant, as holding loyalty more precious then life:as hardly to be drawne from hauited affection, as the Salamanders from the cauerns of Enna. (Wish quoth Francesco) what should I say:they be women, and therefore the continents of all excellencie. In this pleast^t humor he passed away the time, not slacking his busnes so^t prouision against Thursday at night: to the care of which affaires, let vs leave him, and returne to Isobel, who after she had sent her letter, fell into a dumpe, entring into considerallions of mens inconstancy, & of the ticklenes of their fancies: but all these meditations did soi to no effect: wherupon sitting downe, she tooke her Lute in her hand, and sung this Ode.

Isobels Ode.

Sitting by a Riuers side,
Wherc a silent stremme did glide,
Banckt about with choice of flowers,
Such as spring from Aprill, flowers
When faire Iris smiling, shewes
All her riches in her dewes,
Thick leaued trees so were planted,
As not Art nor Nature wanted
Bordering all the brooke with shade,
As if Venus there had made
By Floraes wile, a curious bowre
Todally with her paramoure,

Greenes Never too late.

At this current as I gazz,
Eyes intrapt, minde amazze,
I might see in my ken,
Such a flame as fiereth men.
Such a fire as doth frie,
With one blaze both heart and eye,
Such a heate as doth proue
No heate like to the heate of loue.
Bright she was, for 'twas a she,
That traed her steps towards me:
On her head she ware abay
To fence *Phœbus* light away:
In her face one might descry
The curious beautie of the skie.
Her eyes carried darts of fire,
Feathered all with swift desire:
Yet forth these fiery darts did passe,
Pearled teares as bright as glasse,
That wonder 'twas in her eyne,
Fire and water shoulde combine:
If th' old Saw did not borrow,
Fire is loue, and water sorrow.
Downe she late, pale and sad,
No mirth in her lookes she had,
Face and eyes shew'd distresse,
Inward sighs discouerst no lese:
Head and hand might I see:
Elbow leaned on her knee,
Last she breathed out this Saw,
Oh that loue hath no law,
Loue inforceth with constraint,
Loue delighteth in complaint,
Who so loues, hates his life,
For loues peace is minds strife.
Loue doth feede on beauties fare,
Euerie dish sawc'd with care:
Chiefely women, reason why,
Loue is hatcht in their eye:

Thence

The first part.

Thence it steppeth to the hart,
There it poysneth every part
Mind and heart, eye and thought.
Till sweet loue their woes haue wrought.
Then repentant they gan cry,
Oh my heart that trowed mine eye.
Thus shee said, and then shee rose,
Face and mind both full of woes:
Flinging thence with this Saw,
Fie on loue that hath no law.

Having finished her Ode, shee heard that her Father was come in, and therefore leauing her amorous instruments, shee fell to her labour, to confirme the old prouerb in her fathers zealous head, *Otia si tollas, perire Cupidinis arcus*: but as warie as shee was, yet the old Goose could spie the Gossling winke, and would not by any meanes trust her, but bled his accustomed manner of restraint: yet as it is impossible for the smoke to be concealed, or fire to bee suppressed: so Fregoso could not by subtile dights so warily watch his transformed Io, but shee found a Mercury to release her. For vpon Thurseday lying in her bedde with little intent to sleepe, shee offered many sighs to Verus, that shee would be D'artresse to Morpheus, that some dead slumber might possesse all the houle: whiche fell out accordingly, so that at midnight shee rose vp, and finding her apparel shut vp, shee was faine to goe without hose, onely in her smocke and her petticoate, with her fathers hat and an old cloake. Thus attired like Diana in her night gerte, she marcheth downe softly, where shee found Francesco ready with a private and familiar friend of his to watch her comming swith, who, casting his eye aside, and seeing one in a hat and a cloake, suspecting some treacherie, drew his sword: at which Isabel smiling, shee incountred him thus.

Gentle sifpon be as valiant as you see me cholerisckie, or as martiall as you would bee thought hardie, set not vpon a weaponlesse woman, least in thinking to triumph in so meane a conquest, you be preiudiced with the taint of cowardise. Twas neuer yet read, that warlike Mars drew his Fauchion against onchly Venus, were her offence neuer so great, or her Choler
vener-

Greenes Neuer too late.

never so much. Wherefore Gentleman, if you be the man I take you, Isabel Francesco, leue off your armes, & fall to amours, and let your parley in them bee as short, as the night is silent. and the time dangerous. Francesco saying it was the Paramour of his affections, let fall his sword, and caught her in his armes, ready to fall in a sound by a sudden extaste of ioy: at last recouering his fense, he encountered her thus.

Faire Isabel, Natures ouermatchin beauty, as you are Dia-
nes superieure in vertus: at the sight of this attire, I drew my
sword, as fearing some p[ro]vayfor: but as soone as the view of your
perfection glanced as an obiect to mine eye, I let fal my armes,
trembling as Aelcon did, that he had dared too farre in gazing
against so gorgeous a Goddess: yet readie in the defensio[n]e of
your sweet selfe, and rather then I would lose so rich a p[re]ize, not
only to take vp my weapon, but to encounter hand to hand with
the stoutest champion in the world. Sir (quoth shee) these protesta-
tions are now bootelesse: and therfore to be briefe, thus (and
with that the teares trickled down the vermillion of her cheeks,
and she blubbered out this passion,) O Francesco, thou maist see
by my attire the depth of my sanctie, and in these homely robes
mayst thou note the reatchlessness of my softunes, that soz thy
loue haue strained a note too high in loue, I offend Nature as
repugnant to my Father, whose displeasure I haue purchast to
please thee: I haue given a small farewell to my friends, to bee
thy familiar: I haue lost all hope of preferment, to confirme
the sympathie of both our desires: ah Francesco, sir, I come thus
p[ro]pre in apparrell, to make thee rich in content. Now is hereaf-
ter, (Oh let me sigh at that, lest I bee sojzed to repent too late)
when thy eye is glutted with my beautie, and thy hott loue
prooued soone cold, then beginst thou to hate her that thus le-
ueleth her, and p[ro]moue as Demophoon did to Phillis, or as Eneas
did to Dido. What then may I doe rejected, but accuse mine
owne solile, that hath brought me to such hard softunes? Give
me leane, Francesco to feare what may fall: soz men are as in-
constant in performance, as cunning in p[ra]ctices. She could
not fully discourse wh[at] she was about to vtter, but he broke off
with this protestation: Ah Isabel, although the windes of Le-
panthus are euer inconstant, the Chiffall euer b[ea]t[le], the Po-
lipa

The first part.

lipa euer changeable: yet measure not my mind by other mea-
sure, nor the depth of my affection by the flattery of other fan-
ties: for as there is a Topase that will yield to every stamp, so
there is an Emerald that will yield no impression. The selfe
same Troy, as it had an Ancas that was fickle, so it had Troilus
that was constant. Greece had a Pyramis as it had a Demo-
phoon: and though some haue beene ingratefull, yet accuse not
all to be but thankfull: for when Francesco shall let his eie slip
from thy beauty, or his thoughts from thy qualities, or his heart
from thy vertues, or his whole life from ever honouring the:
then shall heaven cease to haue Starres, the earth Earth, the
world Elements, and every thing reversed, shall fall to their
former Chaos.

Why then (quoth Isabel) to horsebacke, for feare the fash of
two such Lovers be impeached by my fathers wretchednesse.
And with that (pore woman) halfe naked as she was she
mounted, and as fast as horse would pace away, they post to-
wards a towne in the said countrey of Britaine, called Duncastre.
There let vs leane them in their false gallop, & returne to old
Fregoso, who rising early in the Morning, & missing his daugh-
ter, askt for her through the whole house: but seeing none could
discover where she was, as assured of her escape, he cried out as
a man halfe lunaticke, that he was by Francesco rob'd of his
only iwell. Whereupon a despairing fury be caused all his
men and his tenants to mount them, and to disperse themselves
every one with hore and cry for the recovery of his daughter, he
himselfe being hast and riding the ready way to Duncastre.
Where he no sooner came but fortune meaning to dallie with
the old dotard, and to present him a bone to gnaw on, brought
it so to passe, that as he came riding downe the towne, he met
Francesco, and his daughter comming from the Church which
although it pierce him to the quicke, and strained every string of
his heart to the highest note of sorrow, yet he concealest it till he
ooke his Anne: and then stambling as fast as he could to the
greate house of the Towne, he presented unto him the whole
cause of his distresse, requiring his fauour for the clapping up
of this barly Gentleman: and to make the matter more harmous,
he accused him of felonyn, that he had not onely, contrary to the

Greenes Never too late.

entome bereft him of his daughter against his will, but with his daughter, had taken away certaine plat. This evidence caused the Mayor; straight, guarded with his Officers, to march downe with Fregoso, to the place where Isabel, & her Francesco were at breakfast, little thinking (poore soules) such a sharpe forme shoud follow so quiet a calme: but fortune would haue it so. And therefore, as they were eatynge each to other in a swete scrolle of hoped for content, the Mayor rusht in, and apprehended him of felonie: which diane the poore perplexed louers into such a dampne, that they stood as the pictures, that Perseus with his shield turned into stones. Francesco presently with a sharpe insight, entred into the cause, & perceived it was the drift of the old Foxe his Father in law: wherefore heooke it with the more patience. But Isabel seeing her new husband so handled, fell into a sound sorow, which could not preuaile with the Sergeant's, but they conueyed him to prison, and her to the Mayor's house. As soone as this was done Fregoso, as a man carelesse what should become of them, in a strange Countrie, tooke horse and rode home: he past melancholy, and these remained sorrowfull, especially Isabel, who after she had almost blubbred out her eyes for grieve, fell at length into this passion.

Infortunate Isabel, and therfore infortunate, because thy sorowes are moare then thy yeares, and thy distress too heantic for the prime of thy youth. Are the heauens so vnusuall, the starres so dismal, the planets so iniurious, that they haue moare contrary oppositions then favourable aspects? that their influence doth infuse moare prejudice, then they can inferre profit? Then no doubt if their motions bee so maligne, Saurne conspiring with all balefull signes, calculated the houre of thy birth full of disaster accidents. Ah Isabel, thou maist see, the bides that are hatch'd in winter, are nipt with every storze, such as sye against the sunne, are either scorched or blinde, and those that repugne against nature, are euer crast by fortune. Thy father foresaw these evils, and warned thee by exerience, thou refectedst his counsaile, and therfore art bitten with repentance: such as looke not before they leape, oft fall into the ditch: and they that scorne their parents, cannot avoid punishment: The young Tigers follow the braying of their old Sires, the tender Fawnes chuse their

The first part.

their food by the old Bucke : These bruite beastys, and without reason, scrap not from the limites of nature : thou a woman, and endued with reason, art therefore thus sorrowfull, because thou hast bene unnaturell. Whither now Isabel ? What, like the shrubs of India , parched with every Soyme ? What thou resemble the brookes of Carnia , that dry vp with every Sun-shine ? Shall one blast of Fortune blemish at thy affectionone stroyne of thy sother infringe thy loue toward thy husband ? Wilt thou be so inconstant at the first, that hast promised to be loyall ever ? If thou hadst wanted on thy marriage day, thou wilst bee fleeting hereafter : Didst thou not choose him so; his vertues, and now wilst thou refuse him so; his hard fortunes ? Is he not thy husband? yes, and therefore more deare to the then thy Father. I, Isabel, and vpon that resolute, leſt having ſo faithfull a Troylus , thou prove as basfull as Cressida : ſo rote Isabel, but not that thou followest Francesco, but that Francesco by theſe is faine into ſuch misfortunes : ſeke to mitigate his maladies by thy patience, not to incenſe his grieſe with thy paſſions: courage is known in extremities, womanhood in diſtreſſe: and as the Chilliſte is proued in the fire, and the diamond by the anuile, ſolcus is tried not by fauour of Fortune, but by the aduerſity of time. Thereforſe Isabel, *Feras non culpes, quod vitare non posis*, and with Tully resolve thus :

*Puta rerum humanarum nihil esse firmum, nec in prosperis
Iletitia gesties, nec in aduersis dolore concides.*

With this ſhe held her peace, and reſted ſilent, ſo behauing her ſelfe in the Mayoſs house, with ſuch moideſty and patience, that as they held her ſo; a Paragon of beauty, ſo they counted her ſo; a ſpectable of vertue: thinking her outward proportion was ſcar inferior to her inward perſection: ſo that generally ſhe wan the hearts of the whole house, in that they pitied her caſe, & wished her libertie. Inſomuch, that Francesco was the better uſed for her ſake: who being impoſoned, grieved not at his owne ſinifer miſ-hap, but ſorowled for the Fortune of Isabel, paſſing both day and night with many extrempaſſions, to thinke on the diſtreſſe of his beloved Paramour. Fortune, who had wrought this tragedie, intending to ſhew that her ſront is as full of fauours as of ſtronwes, and that ſhe holds a dimple in her cheeke,

Greenes Neuer too late.

as th̄ b̄th̄ h̄d̄ a wrinkle in her brow, began thus in a Comical
veine to be pleasant. After many dayes were passed, and that
the Mayo; had entred into the good demeanour of them both,
noting, that it proceeded rather of the displeasure of the father,
then for any speciaall desert of felonie, seeing youth would haue
his swinge, and that as the minerals of Aena stone fire, as the
leaves in Parthia burns in the Sunne, so young yeeres are
incident to the heate of loue, and affection will burst into such
amoorous parties: Bee not as Chremes in Terence, measuring
the flames of youth by his dead cinders, but thinking of their
present fortunes by the follies of their former age, called a Con-
uenticle of his brethren, and seeing there was none to giue any
further evidence, thought to let Francesco loose. Having their
free consent, the next day taking Isabel with him, he went to the
Mayo, where they heard such rare reportes of the behaviour of
Francesco, that they sorrowed not so much at his fortunes, as
they wondred at his vertues: for the Mayo; discoursit unto them
how, as he was greatly passionate, so he used great patience, ha-
ving this verse oft in his mouth:

Fortiter ille facit, qui miser esse potest.

That he was affable and courteous, winning all, & offending
none, that all his house, as they grieved at his imprisonment,
would be sorry at his enlargement: not so enuy of his perso; but
so; sorrow of his absence. The Mayo; thus commanding the
Gentleman conducted them to the chamber booz; where Fran-
cesco lay, whom they found in secret meditation with himselfe:
therefore they stayed, and were silent Auditors to his passions:
the first word they heard him breathe out with a sigh, was this,

Souffrir me plastr, carl' espoir me conforter.

And with that, taking a Clitterne in his hand, saying this
note,

Pour parueoir l'endure.

He warbled out this Ode.

Francescoes Ode.

Vhen I looked about the place
Where sorrow nurseth vp disgrace,

Wrapt

The first part.

Wrapt with a fold of cares,
Whose distresse no heart spares :
Eyes might looke, but see no light,
Heart might thinke, but no despight.
Sunne did shine, but not on me,
Sorrow said, It may not be,
That heart or eye shoulde once possesse
Any salue to cure distresse :
For men in prison must suppose,
Their Couches are the beds of woes :
Seeing this, I sighed then,
Fortune thus shoulde punish men.
But when I cald to mind her face,
For whose loue I brooke this place,
Starrie eyes, whereat my sight
Did eclipse with much delight,
Eyes that lighten, and doe shine,
Beames of loue that are diuine,
Lilly cheeke wheroun beside,
Bud of Roses shew their pride,
Cherrie lips, which did speake
Words that made all hearts to breake :
Words most sweete, for breath was iweete,
Such perfumes for loue is meete :
Precious words, as hard to tell,
Which more pleased, wit or smell.
When I saw my greatest paines
Grow for her that beautie staines,
Fortune thus I did reprooue.
Nothing grieffull growes from loue.

Hauing thus chanted ouer his Ode, he heard the chamber
doore open, whereupon he grew melancholie; but when he saw
the goddesse of his affection, on whose constant loyalty depended
the essence of his happiness, hee started vp, as when loue-sick
Mars saw Venus entring his pavillion in triumph, entertaining
them all generally with such affabilitie, and her particularly
with such courtesie, that he shewed himselfe as full of nurture
as of nature. Interchange of entertainment thus past betweene

Greenes Neuer too late.

these two louers, as well with emphasis of wordes, as extasie of mindes, concluding with streames of pathetickall teares. The Mayor at last entred parley, and tolde Francesco , though his Father in lawe had alleged felonie against him, yet because he perceived, that it rather proceeded of some secret reuenge, then any manifest truth, and that no further evidence came to censure the allegation, he was content to set him at libertie, conditionally, Francesco should give his hand , to bee answerable to what hereafter in that behalfe might bee objected against him. These conditions accepted, Francesco was set at libertie and he and Isabel ioynlyg together taking themselues to a little Cottage, began to be as Ciceronicall as they were amorous : with their hands thirst coueting to soylle their hearts thirst , and to be as diligent in labours, as they were affectionate in loues: so that the parish wherin they liued, so affected them for the course of their life, that they were counted the very mirrours of a Democratikall methode: so he being a Schooler, and nurst vp in the Universities, resolued rather to linc by his wit, then any way to be pinched with want, thinking this old sentence to be true, That wilshers and woudlers weare neuer good house-holders; therefore he applied himselfe in teaching of a Schoole, where, by his industry , he had not onely great fauour , but got wealth to withdraw fortune. Isabel, that she might seeme no lesse profitable, then her husband carefull, fell to her nadle, and with her woake sought to prevent the iniurie of necessitie. Thus they laboured to maintaine their loues, being as busie as Bees, and as true as Turtles, as desirous to satissie the world with their desert , as to feede the humours of their owne desires. Living thus in a league of united vertues , out of this mutuall concord of confirmed perfeccion, they had a Son answerable to their owne proportion, which did increase their amitie , so as the sight of their young infant was a double ratifying of their affection. Fortune and love thus joyning in leagane, to make these parties to so get the florres, that had nipp'd the blessemes of their former yeres, addicted to the content of their loues this conclusion of blisse. After the terme of five yeres, Segnior Fregoso hearing by sundrie reports, the same of their forwardnesse, tolde Francesco conected to be most louing to his daughter, and shee most dutifull to him,

and

The first part.

and both straine to exceds one another in loyaltie; glad at this mutuall agrément, hee fell from the furie of his former melan-cholly passions and satisfied himselfe with a contented patience, that at last he directed letters to his Son in Law, that he should make repaire to his house with his daughter, which newes was no sooner come to the eares of this maried couple, but prouiding for al things necessarie for the furniture of their voyage, they passed as fast as they could towards Caerbrancke, where spakidly arriving at their Fathers house, they found such friendly enter-tainment at the old mans hand, that they counted this smile of Fortune able to counteruaile all the contrary stormes, that the aduersel planets had inflicted vpon them.

Seated thus, as they thought, so surely as no sinister chance, or dismall infirme ice might remoone. Whoe that is constant in nothing but inconstancie, began in faire shis to produce a tempest thus.

It so chanced, that Francesco had necessary busynesse to dispatch at the chese citle of that Iland, called Troynouan, thither with the leue of his Father, and farewell to his wife, he depar-teed, after they were married seuen yéars: where after he was arrived knowing that he should make his abode there for the space of some nine weekes, he sold his horse, and hired him a chamber, earnestly endeuouring to make spedie dispatch of his affaires, that he might the sooner enioy the sight of his desired Isabell: so did he see any woman beautifull, he viewed her with a sigh, thinking how far his wife did surpaſſe her in excellency: were the modesty of any woman well noted by her qualities, it grieved him he was not at home with his Isabell, who did excell them all in vertues.

Thus he conſtrued al to her perfection, hauing no vacat time neither day nor night, wherein he did not ruminante on the per-fection of Isabell. As thus his thoughts were diuided on his busynesse, and on his wife, looking one day out at his Chamber window, he espied a young Gentlewoman which looked out at a casement right opposite against his prospect, who fix'd her eyes vpon him with ſuch cunning and artificiall glances, as ſhe ſhewed in them a chalke diſdaine, and yet a modell desire. Wherby (by the way Gentleman) let me ſay thus much that our

Cur-

Greenes Neuer too late.

Courtizans of Troyneount, are far superiorre in artificiall allure-
ment to them of all the world: for although they have not the
painting of Itale, nor the charmes of France, nor the Jewels of
Spaine, yet they haue in their eyes Adamants, that will draw
youth as the Beat the straw, or the sight of þ Panther the ormy:
their looks are like lures that will reclaine, & like Cyrcles ap-
paritions, that can represent in them all motions: they containe
modestie, mirth, chastity, wantonnes, and what not? and she that
holdeth in her eie most cindly, bath oft in her hart most disbones-
syp, being like the pyxit stone, that is fire without, & frost within.
Such a one was this merry minid, whose honestie was as choice
as Venus chastity, being as faire as Helena, and as faire as
well featured as Cressida, and as crafty: having an eie for every
passenger, a sigh for every lover, a smile for every one that bald
his bonnet, & because she loued the game well, a quiver for engy-
ery Woodmans arrow. This courtizan, seeing this country Fran-
cesco was no other but a mere novice, & that so newly, that to
use the olde prouerbe, he had scarce sene the Lions: She thought
to intray him, and so arrest him with her amorous glances, that
she shold hew him by the purse: wherupon every day she wold
stand out at her casement, & there dicouer her beauties. Fran-
cesco, who was like the flie that delighted in the flame, and coneted
to set with his eie on this beauteous Courtizan, tilted at her with
interchange of glances, and on a day to try the fiuenesse of his
wit with a poeticall fury, began thus to make a Canzone.

C A N Z O N E .

As when the Sunne sat Lordly in his pride,
Not shadowed with the vaille of any cloude,
The welkin had no rache that seemd to guide,
No dusky vapour did bright *Phœbus* shroude,
No blemish did eclipse the beauteous skie,
From setting forth heauens secret searching eye
No blustering wind did shake the shadie trees,
Each leafe lay still and silent in the wood,
The birds were musicall; the labouring Bee,
That in the summer heaps their winters good,

Plied

The first Part.

Plied to the hives sweet honey from those flowers,
Whereout the Serpent strengthens all his powers.

The Lyon laid and strecht him in the fawnes,
No storme did hold the Leopard from his prey
The fallow fields were full of wanton Fawnes,
The plow twiddes never saw a fairer day :

For every beast and bird did take delight :

To see the quiet heauens to shine so bright.
When thus the Windes lay sleeping in the Caues,
The ayre was fillit in her Concave speare,
And Neptune with a Calme did please the flaukes,
Ready to wath the never drenched Beare,
Then did the change of my affects begin,

And Wanton loue assaid to snare me in.
Leaning my backe against a lofty pine,

Whose top did cheake the pride of all the ayre :
Fixing thy thoughts, and with my thoughts mine in,
Upon the Sun, the fairest of all faire :

What thing made God so faire as this, quoth I ?
And thus I muzde vntill I darkt mine eye,
Finding the Sun too glorious for my sight,
I glasht my looke to shun so bright a lanspe :
With that appeard an obiect twice as bright,

So gorgeous as my senses all were dampft,

In *Iada* richer beautie did not win,
When louely *Venus* shew'd her siluer skin.

Her pace was like to *Innoes* pompos straines,
When as she sweeps through heauens brasse-paued way,
Her front was powdred through with azurd veynes,
That twixt sweet Roses and faire Lillies lay :

Reflecting such a mixture from her face,
As tainted *Venus* Beautie with disgrace :
Artophylax the brightest of the starres,
Was not so orient as her christall eyes,
Wherein triumphant sat both Peace and Warres,
From out whose arches such sweete fauour flies,
As might reclaine *Mars* in his highest rage,
At beauties charge his fury to asswage.

Greenes Never too late.

The Diamond gleames not more reflecting lights,
Painted with hierie Pyramides to shine,
Than are those flames that burnish in our fightes,
Darting fire out the Chrystall of her cyne,
Able to set *Narcissus* thoughts on fire,
Although he wore him foy to sweete desire;
Gazing vpon this Lemman with mine eye,
I felt my sighte vaile bonet with her lookes,
So deepe a passion to my heart did flic,
As I was trapt within her luring lookes,
Fore't to confesse, before that I had done,
Her beautie farre more brighter then the Sunne.

Francesco having thus in a poeticall humour pleased his faire, when his leasure served him, would to make proue of his constancie interchange amorous glances with this faire Curtisan, whose name was Infida, thinking his inward affections were so surely grounded on the vertues of his Isabel, that no exterioz proportion could effect any passion to the contrary: but at last he found by experiance, that the fairest blossomes are fonest nipt with frost, the best fruit sonest touched with Caterpillers, and the ripest wittes most apt to be ouerth; alone by loue. Infida taught him with her lookes to learne this that the eye of the Walliske pierceth with preindice: that the iuppe of Celidone is sweete, but it fretteth deadly: that Circes cups were too strong for all Antidotes, & womens flatteries too forceable to resist at voluntarie: for she so snared him in her perfection, insomuch that he thought her second to Isabel, if not superior. Dallyng thus with beautie, as the eye in the flame: Venus willing to shew how forceable her influence was, so tempred with opportunitie, that as Francesco walked abroad to take the ayre he met with Infida gabbing abroad with certaine her companions, who like blazing Starres shewed the markes of inconstant mienes. so she no sooner dyed neare Francesco, but dyning her face with a Vermilion blush, and in a wanton eye hidyn a fained modestie, shew saluted him with a low courtesie. Seignior Francesco, that could well skill to court all kinde of degrés, lest he might then be thought to haue little manners, returning, not onely

The first part.

onely her curtesies with his bonnet, but taking Infida by the hand, began thus: Faire Mistresse, and if mine eye be not deceaved in so bright an object; mine overthwart neighbour, having often scene with delight, and coueted with desire to be acquainted with your sweet selfe, I cannot now but gratulate fortune with many thankes, that hath offered such fitte opportunity to bring me to your presence, hoping I shall find you so friendly, as to craue that we may be moare familiar. She that knew how to entertaine such a young novice, made him this cunning reply. Indeed Sir, neighbourhood craves charitie, and such asfable Gentlemen as your selfe, deserve gather to be entertained with curtesie, then reected with disdaine. And therefore Sir, what priuate friendship mine honour or honestie may affoord, you above all (that hitherto I haue knowne) shall commaund. Then Mistresse (quoth he) soz that every man counts it credite to haue a patronesse of his fortunes, and I am a meere stranger in this City, let me finde such fauour, that all my actions may be shotched under your excellencie, and carry the name of your Servant, ready soz requitall of such gracious countenance, to unsheathe my swerd in the defence of my Patronesse soz ever. She that had her humour fitted with this motion, answere thus, with a looke that had beeene able to haue forced Troylus to haue beeene trathless to his Cressida: Howe kindestly I take it, Seignior Francesco, soz so I understand your name, that you proffer your service to so meane a Mistresse, the effectuall fauour that shall, to my pwe abilitie, graffise your curtesie. Shall manifest howe I account of such a friend. Therefore from henceforth Infida entertaines Francesco soz her servant: and I (quoth her) accept of the beauteous Infida as my Mistresse. Upon this, they fell into other amorous prattle, which I leave off, and walke abroad while it was dinner time. Francesco still haning his eye upon his new Mistresse, whose beaties he thought, if they were equally tempered with vertues, to exceed all that yet his eye had made survey of. Roaming thus on this new face with a new fancy, hee often wzung her by the hand, and brake off his sentences, with such depe sighs, that she perceined by the weather-cocke, where the wind blew: returning such amorous passions, as she seemed as much entangled, as he was enamoured.

Greenes Neuer too late.

Well, thinking now that she had baited her hook, she would not cease while she had fully caught the fish. She began thus to lay the traine. When they were come nare to the City gates she staid on a sudden, and straining him hard by the hand, and glauncing a look from her eyes, as if she would hath shew favor, and cravue affection she began thus smilingly to assault him.

Servant, the Lawyers say, the *affumpc^tis* never god, where the partie gives not somewhat in consideration: that service is vioide, where it is not made fast by some fee. Look therefore your eye shoule make your minde variable, as mens thoughts follow their sights, & their looks waunce at the excellēcie of new obiects, and so I lose such a servant: to tie you to a stake with an earnest, you shall be this day my guest at dinner: then if hereafter you forget your mistris, I shall appeale at the barre of loyaltie, and so condemne you of lightnesse. Francesco that was tied by the eie, and had his hart on his halipenny, could not deny her, but with many thankes accepted of her motion, so that agreed, they went all to Infidaes house to dinner, where they had such cheere, as could upon the sudden be prouided. Infida givning him such friendly and familiar entertainment at his repast, as wel with sweet prattle, as with amorous glances, that hee resold captiue within the labyrinth of flatteries: After dinner was done, that she might tie him from startinge, shee thought to set all her wits upon Elia. Wherefore shee tooke a Lute in her hand, and in an angelicall harmony warbled out this conceited Dittie.

Infidaes Song.

Sweet Adon darſt not glance thine eye,
N'oferes vons, mon bel amy,
Upon thy Venus that muſt die?
Le vons en prie, pitthy me:
N'oferes vons, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oferes vons, mon bel amy.

See how ſad thy Venus lies,
N'oferes vons, mon bel amy.
Love in heart, and teases in eyes,

The first part.

Je vous en prie, pitty me :
N'oseres vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy.

Thy face is faire as Paphos brookes,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy,
Wher cin facy baites her hookeyes,
le vous en prie, pitty me :
N'oseres vous, mon bel mon bel,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy.

Thy cheeckes like cherries that do grow,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy,
Amongst the Westerne Mounts of snow,
le vous en prie, pitty me :
N'oseres vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy.

Thy lips vermillion full of loue,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy.
Thy necke as siluer, white as doue,
le vous en prie, pitty me :
N'oseres vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy.

Thine eyes like flames of holy fires,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy.
Burne all my thoughts with sweet desires
le vous en prie, pitty me :
N'oseres vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy.

All thy beauties fling my hart,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy.
I must die through Cupids dart,
le vous en prie, pitty me :
N'oseres vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy.

Greene's Neuer too late.

Wilt thou let thy *Venus* die,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy,
Adon were vnkind, say I,
Je vous en prie, pity me :
N'oseres vous mon bel, mon bel,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy.

To let faire *Venus* die for woe,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy.
That doth loue sweet Adon so,
Je vous en prie, pity me :
N'oseres vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy.

While thus Infida sung her song, Francesco satte, as if with
Orpheus melody he had beene inchaunted, hauing his eyes fixed
on her face, and his eares attendant on her musick, so that hee
yielded to that Syren, which after soozt him a fatall shippwrecke.
Infida laying away her Lute, after sell to other prattles. But
because it grew late in the afternoone, Francesco, that was cal-
led away by his urgent affaires, tooke his leane : whereat Infida
seemed very melancholy, which made our young Scholler
halfe mad, yet with a solemne conge departing, he went about
his busynesse : whereas our cunning Curtizen, seeing her novice
gone, began to smile, and said to her companions, that shee had
made a god market that had caught such a tame sole. Alas poore
young Gentleman (quoth she) he is like to the leaves in Egypr,
that as they spring without raine, so they burne at the sight of
the fire : o to the Swallowes, that thinke every Sunne shine
Summers day. Hee was neuer long waiter in Venus Court,
that counts every smile a fauour, & euery laugh to be true loue:
but it is no matter, hee hath stoe of pence, and I will sell him :
many passions, untill I leane him as empty of covne, as my selfe
is void of fancy. And thus leaning her testling at her newe inter-
tained Servant, againe to Francesco, who after hee had made
dispatch of his busynesse, got him home to his lodging: where sit-
ting solitary in his chamber, he began to call to remembrance,
the perfections of his new Pilistrille, the excellent proportion of
her

The first part.

her phisnomy, her stature, voice, gesture, vertues (as he thought) ruminating vpon every part, with a plaudste. At last as he was in this pleasing suppose, he remembred his swēt Isabel, whose beautie and vertue wes once so precious, that betwēne his old loue, and his new fancie, her fell into these passions. Ah Francesco, consider not then carried with new concitē: shall thy fruits be moe subject to the Noorthern blāts, than thy blossomes? Shall thy middle age be more full of folly then thy tender yéeres? Wilt thou loue in thy youth, and lust when thy bāpes are hālf spent? Men say, that the Cedar, the elder it is, the straighter it growes: that Narcissus flowers, the higher they spring, the more glōrious is their hiew: and so should Gentlemen, as they exced in yéeres, excell in vertues: but thou Francesco art like to the Halcione, which being hatcht white as milke, grow to be as blacke as Teat: the yong Sto:ks haue a muscall boyce, but the old a fearefull sound. When thou wert of small age, men honoured thes for thy qualitēs, and now in yéeres, shal they hate thes for thy vices? But to what end tendes this large preamble to check thy fondnesse, that must leue to loue, and learne to lust? What leue to loue Isabel, whose beautie is divine, whose vertues rare, whose chastitie loyall, whose constancy untaimed? And for whom for loue of some unknowne Curtezan. Consider this, Francesco, Isabel for thy sake hath left her parents, forsaken her friends, rejected the world, and was content rather to broke pouerty with thes, then possesse wealth with her Father. Is she not faire to content thine eye, vertuous to allure thy mind? Nay, is she not thy wife, to whom thou art bound by law, loue, and conscience and yet wilt thou start from her: what from Isabel? Dost thou not boly that the heauens shoulde bee without lamps, the earth without beasts, the world wi:out Clements, before Isabel shoulde be forsaken of her Francesco? And wilt thou proone as false as she is faithfull? shall shē like Dido cry out against Aneas, like Phillis against Demophoon? like Ariadne against Theseus, and thou be canonized in the Chronicles, for a man full of periurie? Oh consider Francesco whom thou shalt lose, if thou losest Isabel, and what thou shalt gaine, if thou winnest Infida: the one being a louing wife, the other a Gattering Curtizan. Hast thou read Aristotle, and findest thou

Greene's Never to late.

not in his philosophy, this sentence let vs done?

*Omne animal irrationale ad suis similem diligendum
naturam dirigitur.*

And will thou that art a creature endued with reason, as thou art excelling them in wisedome, exceede them in vanities. Wast thou turned over the liberal Sciences? & didst thou finde them all helpe not found this generall principle, that Unity is the essence of unitie; & yet wist thou make a division in the greatest sympathy of all loues? Say Francesco, art thou a Christian, and hast talked of the sweet frutes of Theology, & hast not read this in holy writ, pende vobis by that miracle of wisdom Salomon, that he which is wise shallect the strange woman, and not regard the sweetnesse of her flattery?

Desire not the beautie of a strange woman in thine heart, nor be not entrapped in her eye-lids:

For through a whorish woman, a man is brought to a morsel of bread, and a woman will hunt for the precious life of a man.

Can a man take fire in his bosome, and not be burnt? or can a man tread vpon coales, and not be scorched?

So he that goeth to his neighbours wife, shall not be innocent whosoeuer toucheth her.

Men doe not despise a theefe, when he stealeth to satisfie his soule: but if he be found, he shall restore seauen-fold, or give all the substance of his house.

But he that committeth adultery with a woman, is destitute of understanding; he that doth it, destroyeth his owne soule.

He shall finde a wound and dishonour, and his reproach shall never be put away.

If then, Francesco, Theology telles thee such axioms, wilst thou striue against the streame, & with the Decre, stede against the wind? Wilt thou swallow vp sinne with greedinesse, that thou must be punished without repentance? So, Francesco, home to the wife of thy youth and drinke the pleasant waters of thine owne Well. And what of all these frivolous circumstances? Wilt thou measure every action with Philosophy, or every thought with divinitie? Then shalt thou live in the world, as a man hated in the world. What, Francesco, he that is afraid of every bush, shall never prosecute good hunting; & he

that

The first Part.

that at every gulf-puds to the L^e, shall never be good ~~strigas~~
to). Thou art now, Francesco, to be a Lover, not a Divine, to
measure thy affections by Ouids principles, not by rules of theo-
logy, and time present wils thē to loue Infida, when thou canst
not looke on Isabel, distance of place is a discharge of Duty, and
men haue their faults, as they are full of fancies. What, the
blinde eates many a pie, and much water runnes by the Mill
that the Miller never knowes of, the euill that the oysse is not,
the heart rues not, *Casta, si non cante.* Thus Francesco, Isabel hath
not Lynceus eyes, to sic so farre. Therefore while thou art resi-
dent in London, enioy the beantie of Infida, and when thou art
at home, onely content thē with Isabel, so with a small fault
that thou fully satisfie thine owne affections. Thus Francesco
soothed himselfe, & did *In viramuis aarem dormire*, caring little
for his good, as long as he might please his new Goddess, and
making no exception of a wife, so he might bee accepted of his
Paramour. To effect therefore the desired ende of his affects.
he made himselfe as neat and quaint as might be, and hied him
home to his new Mistresses house, to put in practice that which
himselfe had purposed, whether in the afternoone arriving, he
understood by her Chamber-maide, that she was at home and
solitary : by her therefore he was conducted to Infidas Closet,
where he found her seeming melancholly, and thus awaked her
from her dumps.

Faire Mistresse, haile to your person, quiet to your thoughts,
and content to your desires. At my first comming into your
Chamber seeing you self so melancholy, I thought either Diana
sat musing on the principles of her modesty, or Venus male-
content, dumping on her amours : for the shew of your vertues
represents the one, and the excellency of your beantie over-
palling them both, reflected like the pride of Phœbus on my
face. I perceived it was my good Mistresse, that discontented
late in her dumps : wherefore, as your bounden servant, if
either my word or sword may free you from these passions,
I am here ready in all actions halwoener preindiciall, to
shew the effect of my affection. Infida glad to see her Lover
in this Labyrinth ; wherein to binde him sure, shewing

Greenges Neuer too late.

Him by the hand, made this wily answere.

Swet servant, how discontent soone I see me, dismay not you: for your welcome is such as you can wish, or the Uncertaintie of my heart afford: women's dumps grow not euer of a prauidial mis-hap, but oft-times of some superficial melancholy, infiued with a frowne, and shaken off with a smile: having sorrow in their faces, and pleasure in their hearts: resembling the leaves of the Liquozice, that when they are most full of dew without, are then most drye within. I tell you, servant, women are wity cattell, and therefore have I chosen so good a Heardsman as your selfe, that what our wantonnesse offendes, your wisedome may amend. But trust me, Francesco, were I won-
ged by Fortune, or iniuried by any Foe, the promise of such a Champioun were sufficient to arme me with disdain against both: but rest assittid, your presence hath banished all passions, and therefore you may sit, servant you are the Loadstone, by whose vertue my thoughts take all their direction. Being thus pleasant, shee set Francesco downe by her, and hand in hand interchanged amorous glances. But he that was abashid to discouer his minde, in that, some sparks of honesty still remained in his heart, fate tormentid with lone and feare, pickt forward by the one to discouer his desires, kept backe by the other from bitterring his affections. Thus in a quandary he sat like one of Melusines changelings, till Infida seeing him in this subdaine amaze began thus to shake him out of his passions.

Now Segnior Francesco, I see the old adage is not always true, *Consulenti nunquam caput doluit*: for you that rest alleaged persuasions of methe, are now ouergrown with melancholly. When an extreme stroake followes a pleasant calme, then the effects are metaphyscall, and where such a violent dumpe of cares is sequense to such an extasie of ioyes, either I must attribute it to some apoplexie of sensess, or some strange alteration of passions. Francesco, the ouen damd vp, hath the greatest heate, ther suppress, is most forcible, the streames stopt, either breake shongh or oversiow, and sorrowes concealed, as they are most passionate, so they are most peremptorie. What Francesco? spit on thy hand, and lay hold on thy heart: one pound of care payes not an ounce of debt: a friend to reueale, is a medicine to
relieue:

The first Part.

Gentleme: discouer thy griefs, and if I be not able to redresse with
wealth, although what I haue is at thy command, yet I wil at-
tempt with counsall, either to perswade the from passions, or
intreate the to patience: say Francesco, and feare not, for as I
will be a friendly counsellor, so I will be a faithfull concealer.

Our young Gentleman hearing Infida apply such lenitive
plaisters to his cutting coaszines, thought the patient had great
hopes, when the Physsition was so friendly; he therefore with a
deuine countenance beginning Louer-like his preamble, with
a depe sigh couerted her thus.

Faire Pittis (quoth he) if I faile in my speches, thinke it is
because I faint in my passions, being as timorous to offend, as
I am amorous to attempt: when the obiect is offered to the
sence, the sight is hindred *Sensibile sensus oppositum nullasit sensatio:*
Mars could never play the Drago, when he w:ung Venus
by the hands: no; Tully tell his tale, when his thoughts were in
Terentiaes eyes: Louers are like to Herban blossomes, that
open with the dew, and shut with the Sun; so they in presence
of their mistresse haue their tongues tyed, and their eyes open,
pleading with the one, and being silent in the other; which one
describeth thus.

Alter in alterius instantes lumina vulnus,

Quarebant taciti noster ubi esset amor.

Wherefore sweet Infida, what my tongue utters not, thake
conceited in my hart: and then thus: since first my god fortune,
if thou fauourest me o: my aduerse destinies, if I finde the contrary,
brought me to Troyonau, and that these over daring
eyes were entertained into those gorgeous obiects, know, that
Cupid lying at advantage, so snared me in thy perfections, that
ever since every sence hath rested imperfect. For when I mar-
ked thy face more beauteous then Venus, I surveyed it with a
sigh, and mine eye partaketh it with a passion: when I noted thy
vertues, then my minde rested captive: when I heard thy wit,
I did not onely wynder, but I was so wapt in the Labyrinth
of thine excellencie, that no Starre, but Infida cou'd be the guide
whereby to direct my course with then faire Mistresse you, and
none but you, haue robbed me of my affections, harbour not in
such a sweete body a hard heart, but doe me tullier, let me haue

Greenes Neuer too late.

lous for lone, lest I complains my desaines to be equiuolent to
my desires and thinke my fortunes to be sharper then my lones.
Thinke Infida, faults in affections are but light follies: Venus
hath shyne to Maide in her frewants, and Cupids wings are
shelters, so such as venture too farte to content their thoughts.
Winnes wifene are halfe part ones, and lone requires not cha-
llenge, bnt that her Soul: iera be charge. When thinke (Sweet In-
fida) if thou grant my desire, how carefull I will be of thy hono,
rather ready to abide the preindice of life, then to brooke the di-
paragement of thy same: In leiu therefore of my loyall service,
grant me that swete gift, which as it begins in amity, can no
way take end but in brath: otherwise I shall be sozed to accuse
my fortunes, accuse my frowardnesse, and expect no other hap,
but a life full of miseries or a death full of martyrdome. With
this passion ending his plea, he dissolved into such sighes, that it
discovered his inward affection, not to be lesse then his outward
protestation.

Infida noting the perplexite of her Louer, conceitid his griefe
with great ioy: yet that she might not be thought too forward,
she seemed thus froward: and though her thoughts were more
then his desires, and that her mind was no lesse then his moti-
on, yet pulling her hand from his, she made this frownding reply.

What Francesco, when the Tyger hunteþ for his prey, doth
he then hide his clawes? Is the Pyre Stone then most hot,
when it loketh most cold? Are men so subtile, that when they
seeme most holy, they are farthest from God: can they under the
shadow of vertue, couer the substance of bantrie, and like Janus
be double-faced, to present both fauor and flattery? I had thought
(servant when I entertained theþ for thy curteisie, I should not
have had occasion to shake theþ off for thy boldnesse, nor when I
like theþ for thy assable simplicitie, I should have mislikid theþ
for thy secret subtiltie: What, Francesco, to desire such a grant
as may, if thou wert wise, neither stand with thy honesty to in-
tend, nor with my honour to effect. Tell me Francesco, hath ei-
ther my countenance bin so curteous, that it might promisse such
small curiosite, or my loue so lascivious, that thou mightest hope
to finde me so lauish, or my actions so waueing, or my dispositi-
on so ful of hantry, that my hono, might seeme lone to be assai-
ted,

The first part.

fed, and some facked? If I haue (Francesco) bin faulty in these follies, then will I seek to amend, wherin thou saiest I haue made offence: if not, but that thou thinkest so that I am a woman, I am easie to bee won with promises of loue, and protestations of loyalty, thou art (my servant) in a wrong boore, & littell farre besyde the cushion: so I passe of my hono: more then life, and couenet rather to haue the title of honesty, then the digntie of a diuideme: cease then, unlesse thou wilt forcease to haue my favo:, & content thee with this, that Iudita allowes of thee so: loue, not so: lust: & yet if she shoulde tread her shooe awry, would rather yeld the spoile of her hono: to her servant, then to the greatest p:ince of the world. Francesco, though he was a novice in these affaires and was nipp'd on the head with this sharpe repulse, yet he was not so to take the shewre so: the first strokme, no: so ill a woodman, to give ouer the chace at the first default, but that he prosecute his purpose thus. I am s:arie (faire goddesse of my deuotion) if my presumption hath ginen any offence to my sweete mistresse, so: rather then I shoulde but procure a frowne in her face, I would haue a deepe wound in my owne heart; coveting rather to suppreesse my passions with death, then to disparage my credit with so good a patronesse. Wherefore though my destynies be extreme, my affections great, and my loues such as can take no ende but in your favours, yet I rest vpon this, Iudita hath commaunded me to cease, & I will not dare so much as to prosecute my loue, although every passion shoulde be a purgatorie, and every daies deniall a moneths punishment in hell: with that he set downe this period with such a sigh, that as the Mariners say, a man would haue thought al would haue split againe. This cunning Cortizan bring afraid, with this checke to haue quatted the queasie stomacke of her louer, desirous to draw to her that with both hands, which she had thrust away with her little finger, began to be pleasant with Francesco thus.

What seru: t are you such a fresh water Houldier, tha: you faint at the first skirmish: feare not man, you haue not to deal with Mar, but with Venus, and her darts of deniall, as they ynde sharp, so they pierce little, and thunderbolts do affright, nor preindice. Feare no: man, a womans hart and her tongue are not relatives: its not ever true, that what the heart think-

Greenes Neuer to late.

By the fonges clacketh Venus stroynes are tempered with Rose-water. & when she bath the greatest winchle in her bosome, then hath she the stocetfull dimple in her chinne: he bis the man a fayre heart never woul faire Lady. Francesco hearing his Mistresse thus piasant wke Apozonitie by the forehead & dealt so with his lobda, thac before he went, all was well, she blusht not, nor he bathed, but both made by their market with a faire of kisses: which sympathy of affections byed the poore Gentleman's overthow; for he was so snared in the wylly trammels of her alluring flatterie, that neither the remembrance of his fable, the care of his childe, the fauors of his friends, or the feare of discreite, could in any wise hale him from that hell, wherinto, through his owne fully, he was fallen.

Where, by the way (Gentlemen) let vs note the subtilltie of these Syrens, that with their false harmony perswade, and their prejudice, who bewitch like Calypso, and enchant like Circes, carrying a shew, as if they were Testals, & could with Amulia carry water in a sine, when they are flat Curtisans, as far from honestie, as they are from denotion. At the first, they carrie a faire shew, resembling Calisto, who hid her banitie with Dia-nes vaille, having in their looks a coy disdain, but in their harts a hot desire, denying with the tongue, and enticing wi. h their looks, relecting in words and alluring in gestures, and such a one (Gentlemen) was Linda, who so pised Francesco wi. h her flattering saternes, that as the yron follows the Adamant, the straw the Yeat, & the Helitropian the bames of the Sunne, so his actions were directed after her eye, and what she said stood for a principle, insomuch that he was not onely ready in all submissions humors to please her fancies, but willing for the least word of offence, to draw his weapon against the sturtest Champion in all Troynewant. Thus seated in her beautie, he liued a long while, so; getting his retурne to Caerbranck, tilon a day sitting musing with himselfe, he fell into a doree consideration of his former fortunes and present follies: whereupon taking his Lute in his hand he sung this Rondeau.

Francesco

The first part.

Francescoes Roundelay.

Sitting and fighing in my secret muse,
As once *Apollo* did, surprisde with loue,
No ing the slipperie wayes young yeeres doe vse,
What sond affeets the prime of youth doth moue.
With bitter teares despairing I doe cri,
Woe worth the faults and follies of mine eye.

When wanton age, the blossomes of my time,
Drew me to gaze vpon the gorgeous sight,
That beautie pompous in her highest prime,
Presents to tangle men with sweete delight,
Then with despairing teares my thoughts doe cri,
Woe worth the faults and follies of mine eye.

When I surueyd the riches of her lookes,
Where-out flew flames of neuer-quencht desire,
Whereinlay baites that *Venus* snares with hookes,
Or where proud *Cupid* fate all arm'd with fire:
Then toucht with loue my inward soule did cri,
Woe worth the faults and follies of mine eye.

The milke-white *Galaxio* on her brow,
Where loue doth dance *Lanoltas* of his skill,
Like to the Temple where true louers vow,
To follow what shall please their Mistris will,
Noting her Iuorie front: now doe I cri,
Woe worth the faults and follies of mine eye.

Her face like siluer *Luna* in her shine,
All tainted through with bright Vermilion straines,
Like Lillies dipt in *Bacchus* choycest wine,
Powdred and interfeasted with Azur'd vaines,
Delighting in their pride; now may I cri,
Woe worth the faults and follies of mine eye.

The

Greenes Neuer too late.

The golden wires that checkers in the day,
Inferior the trasses of her haire,
Her Amber trammels did my heart dismay,
That when I lookt, I durst not ouer-dare:
Proud of her, now am I forst to cry,
Woe worth the faults and follies of mine eye.

These fading beauties drew me vnto sin,
Natures great riches framde my bitter ruch,
These were the traps that loue did snare me in,
Oh these, and none but these haue wrackt my youth,
Misle-led by them, I may despairing cry,
Woe worth the faults and follies of mine eye.

By these I slipt from vertues holy tracke,
That leades vnto the highest Christall Spheare,
By these I fell to vanity and wracke,
And as a man forlorne with sin and feare:
Despaire and sorrow doth constraine me cry,
Woe worth the faults and follies of mine eye.

Although this sonnet was of his ready invention, and that he
writter it in the bitternes of mind, yet after he had past ouer his
melancholy, and from his solitary was fallen into company, he
sozgat his pathetickall impression of vertue, and like the dog, did
redire ad vomitum, & fell to his owne vomite, resembling those
Grecians, that with Vnites drinking of Circes drugges, lost
both forme and memorie. Well, his affaires were done, his house
sold, and no other busynesse now rested to hinder him from hy-
ting home, but his Mistresse, which was such a violent detainer
of his person, and thoughts, that there is no heauen but Infidacs
house where although he pleasantly cutted in with delight, yet
cowardly he slipt away with repentance. Well, leaving him to
his new loues, at last to Isabel, who dally expected the comming
home of her best beloued Francesco: thinking every houre a
yare till she might see him, in whom rested all her content. But
when (poore soule) she could neither finde her sight with his pre-
sence,

The first part.

sence nor his eares with his letters, she began to lovere, & grew so discontent, that she fel into a fener. Foxton that meant to try her patience, thought to proue her with these tragical newes. It was told her by certaine Gentleman her friends, who were her husbands private familiars, that he went to solourne most part of the yeare in Troynouant: one blunt fellow amongst the rest that was plaine and without falsehood, told her the whole cause of his residence, how he was in loue with a most beautifull Gentlewoman called Infida, and that so deeply, that no persuasion might reuoke him from that alluring Cortizan. At this, Isabel made no account, but tooke it as a fruolous tale, and thought the woole of such as buzzed such fantastical follies into her eares: but when the generall report of his demeanares was bruyted abroad throughout all Caerbrancke, then with blushing cheakes, she hid her face, & grieving at his follies and her owne fortunes, smothered the flames of her sorowes with inward conceit, but outwardly withdrew such infatrical tearnes, as did inueigh against the honesty of Francesco, so that she louing great commendacions of all for her loyaltie and constancy: yet when she was gotten secret by her selfe, her heart full of sorowfull passions, and her eyes full of teares, she began to meditate with her selfe of the prime of her youth vowed to Francesco, how shal sheooke Father, friends, and Country, to be a paramour unto her harts paragon: The bannes he made, when he caried her away in the night, the solemnne promises & protestacions that were bittered. When she had pondred all these things, then she called to minde Eneas, Demophoon, and Theseus, and matcht them with Dido, Phillis, and Ariadne, and at last sighed thus: And shall it be so betwene Isabel and Francesco? No, thinke not so (sond woman) let not iealousie blind thee, whom loue hath indued with such piercing insight: for as there is no content to the swetnesse of loue so there is no despaire to the prejudice of iealousie: wherupon to shake off all fancies, she tooke her Garterne in her hand, and sang this verse out of Ariosto.

*Che più felice è chi incundo stato,
Che viner più do lec è più beato,
Sarai deferire uno amorofo choro*

H

Clio

Greenes Neuer too late.

*Che d'esser in seruitud amore,
Se non fuisse huomo sempre stimulato,
Da quell'ario timore, da quella frenesia,
Da quella rabbia, della ielozia.*

Yet as women are constant, so are they easie to belieue, especially truthe: and so it fell out with Isabel, so; that (poore loule) could take no rest. her head was so troubled with these newes, hammering a thousand humors in her braine, how shee might know the certaintie of his follies, and how shee might reclame him from his new entartained affection. Shee considered with her selfe, that men allure Dones by the beautie of the house, and reclaine Hawkes by the fairenes of the lour. & that loue ioyned with vertue, were able to recall the most straggling Enemis to make sailes againe to Cathage. Thus (quoth shee to her selfe) suppose he be faine in loue with a Courtizan, & that beautie hath giuen him the bzaue: what, shall I vterly condemne him? No: as he was not the first, so he shall no: be the last. What, yonthe will haue his swinge, the bztar will be full of prickles, the nettie will haue his sting, and yonthe his amours: men must loue, and will loue though it bee both against law and reason, a crooked spen will proue a straight treé, the Juniper is lowze when it is a twig and swerte when it is a treé: time changeh manners, and Francesco, when shee entreth into the condition of a flattering Courtizan will forslake her, and returne penitent & moze louing to his Isabel. Thus like a god wife shee constrained all to the best: yet she thought to put him in minds of his returne, and therfore she wrot him a letter to this effect.

Isabel to Francesco, health.

If Penelope longed for her Vlysses, thinks, Isabel willerth for her Francesco, as loyall to her, as shre was constant to the wile Grecke, and no lesse desirous to see thee in Caebrancke, then shre to enioy his presence in Ichaca, watering my cheakes with as many teares, as the her face with plaints: yet my Francesco, hoping I haue no such cause as shre, to increas her cares:

The first part.

for I haue such resolution in thy constancy, that no Circe with all her incantments, no Calypso with all her sozeries, no Syren with all her melodies could peruernt the from thinking on thine Isabel. I know Francesco, so darpely hath the faithfull promise and loyal boores, made & interchanged between vs, taken place in thy thoughts, that no time how long soever, no distance of place howsoeuer dist. rent, may alter that impression. But why doe I inferrre this neareste instination to him, that no vanity can alienate from vertue? let me, Francesco, perfimade this with other circumstances. First my swet, thinke how thine Isabel lies alone, measuring the time with sighes, & thine absence with passions counting the day dismal, and the night full of sorowes, being every way discontent, because she is not content, with her Francesco. The onely comfort that I haue in thy absence is thy child, who lies on his mothers knie, and smiles as wantonly as his father when he was a boor, but when the boy sayes, Mam, where is my Dad, when will he come home? Then the calme of my content, turneth to a present stroyme of peircing sorrow, that I am sometime forced to say: Unkinde Francesco, that forgets his Isabel, I hope, Francesco, it is thine affaires, not my faults that procure this long delay. For if I knew my folles did any way offend the, to rest thus long absent, I would punish my selfe both wth outward and inward penance. Bot howsoeuer, I pray thy health, and thy spedis retorne, and so Francesco farewell.

Thine more then her owne, *Isabel.*

She having finished her letters cōveyed them spēdilī to Troyes nouant, where they were delivred to Francesco, who receyving them with a blisb, went into his study, & there būript the Seales with a sigh, perceiuing by the contents, that Isabel had an inkling of his unkinde loues, which drave him into a great quandary, that darpely entring into the insight of his lasciuious life, he began to ſcile a remozze in his conſcience, how grievously he had offendred her, that had ſo faithfully loued him. Oh, quoth he, shall I be ſo ingrate as to quittance affection wth frände? So unkinde as to weigh downe loue with discourtesie? to gine her a wede that p̄ſents me a fletter, and to beat her with net-

Greene's Nenes too late.

ties, that perfumes mix with Roies: consider with thy selfe Francesco, how deeply thou dost sin. First, thou offendest thy God in choosing so wanton a Goddess: then thou dost wrong thy wife, in preferring an inconstant Courtisan before so faithfull a Paramour: yet Francesco, thy Haruest is in the grassie, thou mayst stop at the bosome, because thou hast never touched the bottome. What? men may fall, but to wallow in wickednesse is a double fault. Wherefore recall thy selfe, reclaime thy affections: Is not thine Isabel as faire? Oh if she be not, yet is she more virtuous. Is not Isabel so witty as Infida? Oh, but she is more constant: & then art thou so mad, to preferre drosse before gold, a common hant before a choice diamond, vice before vertue, fading beauty before the excellent inward qualities? No, shake off these follies, and say both in mouth and heart, None like Isabel. This he said by himselfe, but when he went forth of his Chamber, and spied his Spistris looking out at her window, al this gare changed, and the case was altered: she called, and in he must, and there in a leass scot at his wifes letters, taking his Infida in his armes, and saying, I will not leave this Troy for the chaste Penclope in the world.

Thus he soothed himselfe in the sweetnesse of his sin, resembling the Leopards that sate on Marioram while they die, or the people Hyperborci, that sit so long and gaze against the Sunne, till they become blind: he boated on the perfection of Infida, till it grew to his bitter preudice; for no reason could divert him from his damned intent, so had he drownded himselfe in the degrees of lust: insomuch that he counted it no sin to offend with so faire a Saint: alluding to the saying of the holy Father:

Consuetudo peccandi solit sensum peccatis.

Thus did these two continue in the Sympathy of these sins, while Isabel rested her at home, content in this, that at last he would be reclaimed, and till then she would vse patience, saying *Nunquam sera est ad bonos moris via*. Wallowing thus in the folds of their owne follies, Fortune, that meant to experience the force of loue, dealt thus conceitedly. After these two Louers had by the space of thre yeares securely clumbred in the sweetnesse of their pleasures, and drunk with the surfe of content, thought no other heaven but their owne supposed happiness: as every forme hath

The first Part.

bath his calme, and the greatest spring-tide the deadest ebbe, so
faced it with Francesco : so long went the pot to the water,
that at last it came broken home, and so long put he his hand in-
to his purse, that at last the empty bottome returned him a witt
of *Nou est innens* : so well might the Diuell daunce there, so
ever a crose there was to kepe him backe.

Well this louer fuller of passions then of pence, began (when
he entred into the consideration of his owne estate) to mourne
of the chine, & to hang the lip as one, that so want of sounding
had strok himselfe upon the hands: yet he couered his inward
sorrow with outward smiles, and like Janus, presented his Mi-
stres with a merry looke, when the other side of his visage was
full of sorowes. But she that was as good as a touch-stone to
trie mettals, could strait spie by the last where the shooe win-
ged him: and seeing her Francesco was almost soundred, thought
to see if a shiffull Farcler might mend him; if not, like an un-
thankfull Hackney-man, she meant to turns him into the bars
Leas, and set him as a tired Jade to picke a wallet.

Upon which determination, that she might doe nothing rash-
ly, she made inquirie into his estate, what liengs he had, what
Lands to sel, how they were, either tied by Statute, or intall'd.
At last, through her secret and sotile inquisition, she found that
all his coynes was on the floore, that his shap wers clipt, & the wool
sold : to be short, that what he had by his wife, could neither bee
sold nor mortgaged, & what he had of his owne, was spent vpon
her, that nothing was left for him to live vpon but his wits. This
newes was such a cooling card to this Curtizā, that the extreme
heat of her loue was already growne to be like-warme: which
Francesco might easilie perceive: so at his arriuall, his welcome
was more strange, her looks more coy, his fare more slender,
her glances lesse amorous: and she seemed to be Infida in proposi-
tion, but not in wanted passions.

This uncouth disdaine mate Francesco maruel, who yet had
not entred into her deceits, nor (being simple of himselfe) had
ever yet experient a Strumpets subtillty: he imputed therefore
his mistresse cognesse to the distemperature of her body, and
thought that being not well, it was no wonder though she gaue
him the lesse welcome.

Greenes Neuer too late.

Thus pore novice, did he consider every thing to the bess, un-till time presented him with the truth of the worse: soz in shozt time, his Hosts called for money, his creditors threatened him with an arrest his cloathes were thread-bare, and there was no moxe come in the mint to amend them. Where upon a day, sittting in a great dumpe by his Infida, who was as solewme as he was for rawfull, he burst sooth into these sprches.

I haue read (Sweet Loue) in the Aphorismes of Philosophers, that heate suppressed, is more violent, the streme stopt, makes the greater deluge, and passions concealed, procure the deeper sorrowes. Then is *Contrariorum contraria est ratio*, there is nothing better then a bosome-friend, with whom to conserre upon the inuriie of Fortune. Finding my selfe (Infida) full of Pachymes, as stung to the quick, inuenomed with the Tarantula of hart sickes tormentes I thinke no medicin fitter for my malady, then to be cured by the muscall harmony of thy friendly counsaile. Know then, Infida, that Troyouant is a place of great expence, like the serpent Hidaspis, that the more it sucks, the more it is a thirst, eating men alive as the Crocodile: and being a place of as dangerous allurement, as the seat where the Syrens sit and chaunt their praeludicall melody. It is to young Gentle-men like the Labyrinth, whereout they could not get without a thred, but here bee such monstrous Pinotaures as first devoure the thred, & then the person. The Innes are like Pot-housies, which by little & little sweat a man into a consumption: the Host he carries a pint of wine in the one hand, to welcome, but a poniard in the other to stab: and the Hostes she bath smilis in her for-head, and provides god meate for her guests, but the sauce is colly, soz if farre exc vds the eates. If coyne want, then either to Limbo, or else clasp by a commoditie (if so much credit bee left) where he shall finde such knots, as hee will never be able, without his bitter preuidice, to untie. Brokers, I leane them off, as to course ware to be mouthed with an honest mans tongue. These Pinotaures faire Infida, haue so eaten me vp in this Labyrinth, as to bee plaine with the that art my seconde selfe, I want, and am so farre indebted to the Mercer and mine Hostes, as either thou must stanc my friend to disburse so much money for me, or elie I must depart from Troyouant, and

The first Part.

so from thy sight, which how precious it is to me, I refer to thine owne conscience: or for an *Ultimum vale*, take vp my lodging in the Counter, which I know, as it woulde be bicaulk to me, so it woulde bee greafulle to thē, and therefore now hangs my wel-fare in thy will. How loth I was to viter vnto thē my want and sorrow, measure by my loue, who wish rather death, then thy discontent.

Infida could scarce suffer him so long a period, and therefore with her sore-head full of sorowes, she made him this answer. And would you haue me (sir) buy an ounce of pleasure, with a fanns of mishaps, or reach after repentance with so high a ratee hane I sent thee the blossoms of my youth, & delighted thee with the prime of my yeres? hast thou had the spoile of my virginitie, and now wouldest thou haue the sacke of my substance? when thou hast withered my person, ayment thou at my wealth? No sir, no, know, that so; the loue of thē, I haue cracht my credit, that never before was stained. I cannot looke abroad without a blussh, nor go with my neighbours without a frump, thou and thy name is ever cast in my dish, my foes laugh, and my friends sorrow to see my follies: wherefore seeing thou beginnest to picka a quarrel, and hereafter, when thine owne basse Fortune hat & brought thē to beggery, wilt say, that Infida cast thē so many Crownes, and was thine overthrow: anant Nonice, home to thine owne wife, who (poore Gentlewoman) fits & wants what thou consumest at Taverns. Thou hast had my despoyle, and I feare I beare in my belly, the token of too much loue I owed thē: Yet content with this discredit, rather then to runne into further extremity, get thē out of my dores, soz from henceforth thou shal never bee welcome to Infida. And with thā she stong vp, and went into her Chamber. Francesco would haue made a reply, but shē would not heare him, nor hold him any more chat. Whereupon with a flea in his eare, he went to his lodging, there ruminating on the number of his follies, and the hardnes of his fortunes, seeing his score great, his coine little, his credite lesse: weighing how hardly he had vised his Isabel: atlast, leaning his head on his hand, with teares in his eyes, he began to be thus extremely passionate. Now Francesco, *Piscator iclusus sapit*, experience is a true Mistrisse, but shē maketh her scholars treat

Greenes Neuer too late.

tread vpon thoynes , hast thou not leaped into the ditch . Which thou hast so greedily desired to reach ? Oh now thou seest the difference betwene loue and lust : the one full of contented pleasure , the other of pleasing miseries : thy thoughts were feathered with fancy & whither did they lie? so far, that they strod the selues , and thou rest consumed . Oh, Francesco, what are womē? If they be honest, Heavens, the purity of nature, the excellency of vertue, the perfection of earthly content. But if they be Cari-zans and Strumpets, Oh, let me breathe before I can bitter the depth of such a monstrous description : they be in shape Angels, but in qualities devils, painted Sepulchers with rotten bones, their foreheads are Calenders of mis-fortunes , their eyes like comets, that when they sparkle , foretell some fatall bisparagement, they allure with amorous glances of lust, and kill with blif-fer looks of hate, they haue dimples in their cheekes to deceipte, and wimbletes in their bowes to betray, their lips are like to the hony-combs, but who tasteth the drops is impoisoned: they are as cleare as Chrystall, but buse them, and they are as inficitions as the Diamond , their teares are like the Aconiton that the Hydria wept : they present as Deianira , shires for presents, but who so puts them on . costumes like Hercules; they lay out the folds of their haire, and intangle men in their leasses . playing the hoste-leach , that sucketh while thou burst , betwene their brestis is the bale of destruction . and in their beds, oh there is sorrow, repentance , hell and Despaire. They consume man-soule, and aline at his substance, not his perfection, like Eagles, that only die thither where the carion is ; they leade men to hell, and leave them at the gates. To be brieft, they are ingratefull, perjured, untrue, Inconstant, fayling, ful of fraud deceitfull, & to conclude in one word, they be the very refuse of natures excrements . Oh Francesco, what a satyrical invective hast thou written? I may best (quoth he) say I haue bought every principle with a pound. What now rests for this poore infortunate man? Thou hast yet left a meanes to end all these miseries , and that is this: draw thy rapier, and so die, that with a manly resolution thou marst prevent thy farther misfortunes . Oh, although thou hast sinned, yet despaire not , though thou art Anathema, yet proove not an Antichrist : the mercy of God is aboue all his works,

The first part.

works, and repentence is a precious balm. Henn to thy wife,
to the wife of thy paunth, Francesco, to Nabel, who with her pati-
ence will couer all thy follies : remember this, man, Nunquam
sera est ad bonos mores via.

Thus he ended, and with very griesel fel in a slumber. At this
the Palmer breathed, & made a stop, & a longer period. His holt
desirous to heare out the ende of Francescoes soztones , willed
him to goe forward in his discourse. Pardon me, sir, quoth the
Palmer, the night is late, and I haue trauelled all the day : my
belly is full, and my bones would be at rest: Therefore, for this
time, let thus much suffice, & to morrow at our vp-rising, which
shal be with the Sun, I wil not only discourse unto you the end
of Francescoes amours; of his returne home to his wife, and his
repentence, but manisest unto you the reason wher I aimeid my
pilgrimage to Venice. The Gentleman and his wife vry loth to
be tedious to the good Palmer, were content with his promise:
and so, taking upthe candle, lighted him to bed. Where we leaued
him. And therefore, as soone as it may bee, (Gentlemen)

ooke for Francescoes further Foztones , and after
that, my Farewell to Follies: and then,
due to amorous Pam-
phlets.

FINIS.



The second part of Greenes Nener too late.

*N*nquam sera est ad bonos mores via.

Now soone did Phœbus burnish the heauen with his
brightnes, and deckt in a gloriouſe diademme of Chi-
solites, had mounted him on his coach to lighten
the Lampe that maketh Flora beauteous, but the
Palmer was by, and at his Oſtions, being as devout in his
thoughts, as hee was mindfull of his travells: walking in
the garden all alone, and ſaing the Sunne now piping out
of the East, hee began to meditate with hiſelfe of the State of
man, comparing his life to the length of a span, or the campasse
of the Sun, who rising bright & diligent, continueth but his ap-
pointed course, & that oft-times shadowed with ſo many clouds,
and ſtained with a ſable veile of ſuch thick fogs, that he is moze
darkned with ſtorme, thē beautified with light: & if it ſortune his
Shine is without blemiſh, yet he ſetteth, & that moze oft in a foldre
of clouds, thē in a clēre ſkit: ſa man boone in the pride of beau-
ty or pompe of wealth be hiſ hono:is equal with hiſ ſor:tones, and
he as happy as Auguſtus, yet hiſ life hath but hiſ limits, and
that clogged with ſo many cares and crosses, that hiſ daies are
moze ful of miseries, then of pleasures; and hiſ diſtaſter mishaps,
are moze thē hiſ prosperous ſor:tones: but if the ſtarres grace him
with all fauorable aspects, & that he live full of content, in ma-
ny hono:is and much wealth, yet hiſ prime hath hiſ autumnne, hiſ
faire bloomis turne to tawny leaues, age will shake him by the
ſhoulder, and nature will haue hiſ due, that at laſt he must ſet
with the Sun, and perhaps in ſuch a cloud of ſinne, as hiſ riſing
may be in a gloome of ſorrowes. Thus did the Palmer meditate
with hiſelfe, being penitent for the follies of hiſ younge that at
laſt thinking to be as muſcall to hiſelfe, as the birds were
violetlets; he chanted out hiſ Ode.

The

The second part.

The penitent Palmers Ode.

VV Hilome in the winters rage,
A Palmer old and full of age,
Sate and thought vpon his youth,
With eyes, teares, and hearts ruth,
Being all with cares y'blent,
When he thought on yeates mis-spent,
When his follies came to minde,
How fond loue hath made him blinde,
And wrapt him in a field of woes,
Shadowed with pleasures shewes,
Then he fighed, and said, Alasse,
Man is sinne, and flesh is grasse.
I thought my Mistresse haire were gold,
And in her locks my heart I fold :
Her Amber tresses were the sight,
That wrapped me in vaine delight :
Her Iuory frond her pretty chin,
Were stales that drew me on to sin :
Her starry lookes, her Christall eyes,
Brighter then the Sunnes arise :
Sparkling pleasing flames of fire,
Yokt my thoughts and my desire,
That I gan cry ere I blin,
Oh, her eyes are paths to sin,
Her face was faire, her breath was sweet,
All her lookes so loue were meete :
But loue is folly : this I know,
And beautie faideth like to snow.
Oh why should man delight in pride,
Whose blossome like a dew doth glide ?
When these supposes toucht my thought,
That world was vaine, and beauty sought,
I gan to sigh, and say, Alasse
Man is sinne, and flesh is grasse.

The Palmer having ended his Ode, sat in a great dump in
the garden, when his Host accompanied with his wife, descended

Greene's Never too late.

To heare out Francesco's lastnes, were came into the place, and
gave him the bon iorno thus: Turkens Palmer, a hinde salute
to waken you from your mornings meditation: I see you kepe
the Prouerbe for a principle; to bed with the Win, and by with
the Larke: no swmer the Sonne is in the flie, but you are at your
Dilsons, either ruminating passions, or penance either some old
rememb'rance, or some new rancorie. Wedsleaner (gentle Pal-
mer) tis no manners to enter too farre into your thoughts, and
therefore leaving your secrets to your selfe, Come stas, la vostra
signiori a quest amariya. The Palmer that had learned a little
broken Italian, setting his honest Host in such a merrile moodes,
made this answere: Io sto ben signior diu merce, ringraziadou
sonnamenti di vostra grande cortesia, holding it fit for my fortunes
to haue many cares, and little舒po, that my penance may bee
great, sith my flounes are many: long flubbers are for idle persons,
not for penitent Palmers, & sweet dremeas are no instances of
hartie devotione: therfore do I watch with the mouse, to argue
my selfe miserable, and intoyne my selfe to much paines, be-
cause I am combred with many passions.

This morning entring into this Garden, I saw by the
works of nature the course of the world: for when I saw Florae's
glorie shut vp in the foldes of Iris frownes, I began to consider,
that the pride of man was like the pomp of a flower, that to day
glossies in the field, and to morrow in the forraine: that we bee
like the flies Hemera, that take life with the sunne, and die with
the dew: that our honours are compared to the blossomes of a Ce-
dar, which vanish ere they begin to bournish, & all our triumphs,
like characters written in snowe, that painted in a vapour, at the
least Sun-shine discouer our vanitie, for they are as soone melted
as our pleasures are momentarie. Tied by fates to this tickle
state, we haue nothing more certaine then to die, nor nothing
more uncertaine then the hour of death: and therfore when I
call to minde the follies of my youth, how they haue been tickled
with vice, I couet in the flower of my yeares, to repente and a-
mend: for

Nunquam sero est ad bonos mores via.

You doe well sir (quoth the Gentleman) in all your actions
to consider the end: for he that forswrepents, forswrites many pe-
nals:

The second part.

ills had I left is a great fault, and after-faults are bitten with many sores: wherefore, such as grieve at their follies, & come to present dangerous fortunes, they which take an antidote of grace against the deadly aconites of sinne, and with present remorse present ensuing vanities, such indeed, as they live well, shall die blessed. But leaving this humor till another time, you may see by our early rising, how my wife and I were delighted with your evenings parle: so trust me, Sir, desire of Francescoes further fortunes, made he thus watchfull, & therefore seeing the morning is gray, and our longing great, and yet a good while to breakfall, if your leisure may afford so much, I pray you sit downe, and tell us what was the end of his loves, and the effects of his repentance. The Palmer very willing to please his courteous Host, sate him downe in an Arbour, and began thus.

The Palmers Tale of Francesco.

As soone as Francesco awakte from his slumber, & began to enter further into the consideratiō of Infidels countenace, his heart throbbed at his follies, and a present passion of his great misfortunes so pained him, that all perplered, he began againe to sing his former song, & to say, that wemens thoughts were like to the leaves of a Date tree, that change colors with the wind in a moment, figuring out secretes with teares, and in that instant decyphering pleasure with smiles; neither too resolute with the Stoicks, to yield to no passions, nor too absolute with the Esseni, to surfeit with ouermuch challicity: their desires (quod h̄) resemble Eolus forehead, that next every storme contains a calme: their names are Almanackes, that decypher nothing but incertaintie: either too scrupulous with Daphne to contemne al, or too voluptuous with Venus to desire all: & straight, neither stelt nor ill as the Neapolite, but time-pleasers to content themselves with barkeing fancies. In this humorous melancholy he rālē by, & ranged about the city, despairing of his estate as a man penitent, & therfore impotent, because he knew not how to redresse his miseries: to rely upon the helpe of a Curitan, he saw by experiance, was to hang hope in the ayre: to stand upon the fauour of friends, they were but fleshe: to he had now in the City, as he lay but a stranger there, & such as had, were won with an Apple,

Greenes Never too late.

frenche-friens, & therfore to be left with the puise of the least
blast of aduersities. To go home to his wife to faire Isabe, that
was as hard a censure as the sentence of death: for shame of his
folites made him ashamed to shew his face to a wome of so high
deserts. In this perplexity he passed over thre or four daies, till
his purse was cleane empty, his score great, & his hostesse would
trust him for no moe money but threatned him, if present pay-
ment were not made, to lay him in prison. This newes was hard
to Francesco, that knew not how to avoyd the preiudice, only his
refuge was to prevent such a misfortune, to carry his apparel to
the brokers, & with great losse to make money to pay for his diet:
which once discharged, he walke up & downe as a man forlaine,
having neither coine nor credit, necessitie that stingeth unto the
quick, made him set his wits on the tenter, & to stretch his braines
as high as El, to see how he could recover pence to defray his
charges by any knoller meanes, to salue his sorroves: the care of
his parents and of his owne honour persuading him from ma-
king gaine by labo: he had never bin brought up to any mechan-
icall course of life. Thus every way destitute of means to live,
he sighed out this old said saw, *Miserere mei est fusca beatum*: yet
at last, as extremities search very far, he called to mind that he
was a scholler, and that although in these dayes art wanted ho-
no:, & learning lackt his due, yet god letters were not brought
to so low an ebbe, but that there might some profit arise by them
to procure his maintenance. In this humor he fell in amongst a
company of Players who perswaded him to try his wit, in wri-
ting of Comedies, Tragedies, o; Pastorels: and if he could per-
forme any thing worth the rage, they would largely reward
him for his paines. Francesco glad of his motion, sering a meanes
to mitigate the extremity of his want, thought it no dishonesty to
make gaine of his wit, o; to get profit by his pen: and therfore
getting him home to his chamber, wri; a Comedy, which so ge-
nerally pleased all the audience, that happy were those Acto: in
short time, that could get any of his warkes, he grew so exquisite
in that faculty. By this meane his want was relieved, his cre-
dit in his boiss honis recovered, his apparel in greater brauerie
then it was, and his purse well lined with crownes.

At this discouerse of Francesco, the Gentleman tooke his guest
by

The second part.

by the hand, & broke off his tale thus. Now gentle Palmer, sith
ing we are fallen by course of prattis to partie of playes, if with-
out offence, doe me that fauour to shew me your iudgement of
playes, play-makers, & players. Although (quoth the Palmer)
that some for bring too lauish against that faculty, haue for their
satyrical iunctives bin wel cauised: yet seeing here is none but
our selues, & that I hope what you heare shall be trodden under
foote, I will stilly say what I can, both even by reading and ex-
perience. The inuention of Comedies were first found amongst
the Greeks, and practised at Athens: some thinke by Menander,
whom Terence so highly commends in his Heauton-tomoromo-
non. The reason was, that vnder the couert of such pleasant, &
Comicall events, they aimed at the overthrow of many vani-
ties that then reigned in the citie: for therein they painted out
in the persons the course of the wrold, how either it was graced
with honoꝝ, or discredited with vices: there might you see leuid
out the baine life that boasting Thrasos use, smoothed by with the
selfe-conceit of their owne excellency; the miserable estate of co-
uetous parents, & rather let their sons taste of any misfortunes,
then foreueue them with the superfluity of their wealth: the po-
traiture of parasitical friends, which with yong Gentlemen sub-
tilly in their follies, as long as they may: Ex eorum fullo viuere,
was set out in lively colours. In those Comedies, the abuse of
Waldes that made sale of honest virgins, and lined by the spoyles
of womenshonoꝝ, was deeply discovered; to be shew, Lechery,
Coneutiousnes, pride, selfeloue, disobedience of Parents, & such
vices predominant both in age and youth were shot at, not only
with examples & instances to stede the eye, but with golden sen-
tences of meall works, to please the eare. Thus did Menander
win honoꝝ in Greece with his works, and reclame boþ old and
yong frō these vanities, by the pleasant effects of his Comedies.
After him this faculty grew to be famous in Rome, practised by
Plautus, Terence, and other that excelled in this qualitie, all aim-
ing as Menander did, in all their works to suppose vice, & ad-
vance vertue. Now so highly were Comedies esteemed in those
daies, that men of great honoꝝ & grane account were the Actoꝝ,
the Senate & the Consuls continually present, as auditioꝝ at all
such spōts, rewarding the Authoꝝ with rich rewards accordynge.

Greenes Never too late.

to the excellencie of the Comedies. Thus continued this facultie famous, till covetousnes crept into the qualitie, and that meane men gaye of gaines, did fal to practise the acting of such plates; and in the Theatres presented their Comedies but so fewe only as rewarded them wel for their paines, when thus Comedians grew to be mercenaries, when men of account left to practise such pastimes, and disdained to have their honours blemish'd with the name of such base and vile gaines: insomuch that both comedies and Tragedies grew to lesse account in Rome, in that the first sight of such sports was taken away by covetous desires: yet the people (who are delighted with such novelties & pastimes) made great reioy, paid largely, & highly applauded their doings, insomuch that the Acto:z by continuall use, grew not onely excellent, but rich and insolent. Amongst whom in the daies of Tully, one Roscius grew to be of such exquisite perfection in the faculty, that he offered to contend with the Orato:z of that time in gesture, as they did in eloquence, boasting that he could expresse a passion in as many sundry actions, as Tully could discourse it in variety of phrasess: yea so pround he grew by the daily applause of people, that he looked so; hono: and reverencie to be done him in the streets: which selfe conceit when Tully entred into with a piercyngh insight, he quipt at in this manner.

It chanced that Roscius and he met at dinner, both guests unto Archias the Poet, where the pround Comedian dared to make comparison with Tully: which insolence made the learned Orator to grow into these termes: why Roscius, art thou pround with Elops Crow, being prancht with the glory of others feathers? of thy selfe thou canst say nothing, & if they Cobler hath taught thee to say, Ave Cesar, disdain not thy tutor, because thou pratest in a kings chamber: what sentence thou vitterest on the stage, flowes from the censure of our wits, and what sentence or conceit of thy invention the people applaud so; excellent, that comes from the secretes of our knowledge. I grant your action, though it be a kind of mechanickall labour; yet well done, tis worthy of praise: but you woxthlesse, if so; so small a toy you waxe pround. At this Roscius wox red, and bewayed his imperfection with silence: but this checke of Tully, could not kepe others from the blemish of that fault, for it grew to a generall vice among the Acto:z to excell

The second part.

excel in pride as they excelled in excellencie, & to shewe it in the
streets, as they bzag it on the stage: so that they reueld it in Rome
in such costly robes, that they seemed rather men of great patri-
mony, then such as lived by the fauor of the people. When Pub-
lius Scruilius very well noted, for he being the sonne of a Sena-
tor, and a man very valiant, met on a day with a Player in the
streets richly apparelled, who so faire forgate himselfe, that hee
ooke the walle of the young noble man; which Scruilius taking
in disdaine, countercheckt with this quippe: my friende (quoth he)
be not so bzag of thy silken robes, for I saw them but yester day
make a great shew in a bakers shop. At this the one was asha-
med, and the other smilde, and they which heard the quippe, laught
at the folly of the one, and the wit of the other. Thus sir hane you
heard my opinion bzag of playes, that Menander denised them
for the suppreſſing of vanities, necessary in a common wealth, as
long as they are used in their right kind: the playmakers worthy
of hono: for their Art: and players, men deserving both praise
and profit, as long as they war neither covetous, nor insolent. I
haued caused you sir (quoth the gentleman) to make a large digres-
ſion, but you haue resolved me in a matter that I long doubted
of, & therfore I pray you, againe to Francesco. Why then thus,
quoth the Palmer, after he grew excellent for making of Comedies, he war not only bzaue, but full of Crotwes: which Infida
hearing of, & having intelligence what course of life he did take,
thought to cast forth her lure to reclaine him, though by her un-
kindnes he was proued haggard: for she thought that Francesco
was such a tame swete, that he would be brought to strike at any
stale: decking her selfe therfore as gorgeously as she could, pain-
ting her face with the choice of all her dyes, she walked abrode
where she thought Francesco used to take the ale: Loue & Fo-
tune ioyning in league, so fauored her, that according to her de-
ſire she met him. At which encounter, I gesse, more for shame it ſe-
 loue, ſhe blift: & fill her countenance with ſuch repentant re-
mouſe (yet having her looks full of amorous glaunces) that ſhe
ſemed like Venus, reconciling her ſelfe to froward Mars. The
ſight of Infida was pleaſing in the ſight of Francesco, and almoſt
as deadly as the Basilike: that had he not had about him Moly
& Ulyſſes, he had bene inchantment by the charmes of that wil-

Greenes Neuer too late.

Circes: but the abuse so stuck in his stomach, that she had proferd him in his extremtie, that he returned all her glances with a frowne, and so parted. Infida was not amazed with his angry mōde, as one that thought lounes fornace of fire to heat the coldest Amatist, & the sweet words of a woman, as able to dazp on desire, as the Sirens melody the passengers. What (quoth she) though soz a while he be cholerick. Beauty is able to quench the flame, as it sets harts on fire: as Helens faults angered Paris, so her fauours pleased Paris: though she were false to Menelaus, yet her faire made him breake her follies. Women are privileged to haue their words, & their wil, & whom they kill with a scōtōne, they cā revive with a smile. Thus, Francelco is not froward, but he may be wonne, he is no saturnist to beare anger long, he is soone hot & soone cold; cholerick, and kind hearted: who though he be scolded away with bitter wordes, he will be relaimed againe with swet kisses: a womans teares are Adamant, & men are no harder then Iron, and therefore may be bratone to pittie their passions. I will faine, flatter, and what not, to get again my Frācelco: soz his purse is ful, & my coffers war empty. In this humor, taking pen, & paper, she wrote a letter to him to this effect.

*Infida to Francelco what he wants in health
or wealth.*

IF my outward penance (Francelco) cold discouer my inward passions, my sighes bewray my sorrowes, or my countenance my miseries, then should I looke the most desolate of allass I am most distrest of all, & the sorowes in my face be numberles, as the grieves of my hart are matchlesse. But as the feathers of the Halciones glister most against the foreste sloyne & Nilus is most calme against a deluge, so the sorrowes of my mind are so great that they smother inwardly, thongh they make no outward appearance of mis-hap. All these miseries Francelco grow fro the consideration of mine own discourtise, soz when I think of thy constancy, thy faith, thy feature, & thy beautie and weigh with my self how al these holde vnto Infida, they were lost by the disloyalty of Infida, I call it in question, whether I had better despaire and die, or in hope of thy fauour, linger out my life. Penance of free will, merits pardons of course, & grievis that grow from re-

more

The second Part.

more deserve to be salued with ruth: I confess, Francesco, that I wonged thee, & therefore I am wrong at the hart: but so both the idea of thy perfection, and the excellency of thy vertues frame a restlesse passion in my heart that although thou shouldest hewe to loath me, I cannot cease to loue thee. Oh consider, women haue their faults, & act that in an honre, they repente al their life after. Though Mars & Venus brabbled, they were strieds after bratols, so a Louers farre ought not to be a perpetual discord, but like a sun-shine shewre, that be it never so sharp, is accouited no frowme: forgiue & forget Francesco then hartily, that I repente so despely: grace thy Inida againe with one smile, eas her impatienc passions with thy sweet plesence: & assure thy selfe, she wil satisfie with loue, what sh2 hath offendid with folly. Bones that are broken, & after set againe, are the moze stronger. Where the Witch tree is cut, there it growes most hard-reconciled friendship is the swettest amitie. Then be friends with thy Inida: looks on her, & but visit her: and if she win not thy loue with her words, & shew her selfe so penkent that thou shalte pardon, then let her perish in her owne misfortunes, and die for want of thy fauour. Farewell.

Thine euer despairing Inida.

THIS letter she sealed vp, & sent it by a secret friend to Francesco, who at the first, knowing from whence it came, would scarcely receive it: yet at last, willing to heare what humours had made the Turcian write vnto him, he broke ope the seales, and read the former contents: which when he had thzoughly perused, he found himselfe perplexed: for the cunning of her flattery made the poore man passionate, insomuch that sitting downe with the letter in his hand, he began thus to meditate with himselfe: Why doest thou vouchsafe, Francesco, to looke on her letters that is so lewd: to view her lynes that are polluted with flattery, to heare her charmes that seekes thy preindley, to listen to such a Calipso that aimes only at thy substance, not at thy person?

While thou wert poore, her forehead was full of scowlnes, & in her looks sat the strokes of disdain: but whē she sees thou hast scattered thy nest, and hast crowns in thy purse, she would play the Hoyle-leach to sack away thy wealth: & now would she be thy herte gold while she left thee not one drazam of gold. Oh Francesco,

Greenes Neuer toolate.

co, she hides her claves, but looks so; her prey with the Egger.
She wepes with the Crocodile, and smiles with the Vlona, and
flatters with the Panther, & under the couert of a sugred bait,
sholdes the intent of thy bane. Knowest thou not, that as the
Marble drops against raine, so their teares sore-point mischiefe?
that the fauors of a Cartizan are like the songs of the Gasshop-
per, that euer foretell some fatall disparagement?

Beware then Frances. (*Piscator ielus sapit*) She hath once burnt
the, feare fire with the child: she hath cross the with disaigre, co-
uet not with desire: hate her, for in loathing such a one, thou louest
thy God. Returne not with h dog to thy vomit, swallow not with
swine in the mire, forswere not the best, and follow the wrost. And
yet Francesco, trust me, she is faire, beautfull, and wise: I but
with that a Cartizan: perhaps she will now loue thee faithfully:
if she do, sond man, is not her hartie liking hatefull lust? dan-
gerous to the body, and damnation to the soule. This is a saying not
so common as true, that he which looketh continually against
the Sun, shall at last bee blind, that whoso handleth pitch, must
needs be defiled: the tree that abideth many blasts, at last falleth
by the Carpenters axe: the bird that striketh at every stale, can-
not long escape the snare: so long goeth the pitcher to the brooke,
that at last it comes broken home: & he that securely swimmeth
in sinne, shall surely be drowned in iniquity, whoso bindeth two
sinnes together, shall never be revenged in the one, and he that
delighteth to offend in youth, shall no doubt feele the punishment.
Quod desertur, non auferitur. Though God for a time suffer a man
to swallow in his owne wickednesse, & to lay unto his soule, Tush,
the Lord regardeth not the way of sinners, nor suspecteth the mis-
deeds of men, he is slow to wrath, & prone to pitie: yet the Lord
at last looketh down from heaven, and renegenth all his gracious
one with a hearie plague, yea he rooteth him out from the face
of the earth, and his place is no moze scene. Consider then, Fran-
cesco, if the Lord suffer the in thine iniquity, and deserve present
punishment, it is because thy mercy may seeme the more, & thy
sin the greater. He that hath the dropple, drinkeith while he bur-
neth, and yet not satisfied: the Horse-leach hath two daughters
that never cry, Enough whose is sowing with the serpent Dipias,
burneth, but can never be cooled, & whose is inflamed with sin,
thirsteth.

The second part.

thirsteth continually after wickednesse, bntill he hath supped the
dregs of Gods displeasure, to his owne destruction. Beware by
this, fall not into the trap, when thou seest the traine: for know-
ing sh: stanne, if thou offendest against thy owne conscience, the
Lord will send vpon th: cursing, troublle, and shame in all thou
settest thy hand vnto, and will not cease to revenge, bntill thou
perish from off the face of the earth. Oh, hast thou not at home an
Isabel, that is the wife of thy youth, and the only friend of thy bo-
lome, indued with such exquisite beauty & exceeding vertue, that
it is hard to iudge, whether the pure complexion of her body, or
the perfect constitution of her minde holds the supremacy? And is
not a peceable woman, and of a good heart, the gift of the Lord?
There is nothing so much worthy, as a woman well instructed: a
shamefast and faithful woman is a double grace: and there is no
treasure to be compared to her continent minde: but as the glisten-
gier beames of the Sun when it riseth, decketh the heauen: so
the beautie of a good wife adornceth the house: & as golde pillars
do shine vpon the sockets of sluer, so doth a faire face in a virtuous
mind. Shall the feare of God then, Francesco, be so far from
thine eyes, as to leaue thy own wife, and imbrace a Curtizan, to
leave the law of God, and suffer thy hart to be subuerted by lust?
The Lion so abhorreth this crime, as he killeth the Lyonesse, for
committing this fact. The Stork neuer meddleth but with his
mate. The Jacinth stone wil not be woyne on the finger of an a-
bulterer: nor the Olive groto, if planted by one that leadeth his
life in blawfull lusts: and wilt thou shew thy selfe more careles
in this crime then bruite beastis? more retchlesse then unrea-
sonable creatures? more sencelesse then stones? yea far lesse in ver-
tue then a man? and far more in vice then a beast? Then will the
Lord luke downe from heaven, and plague th: with a heavy
curse. At this clause standing a great while in a maze, at the last
he slept to his standish, and wrote this answer.

Francesco wriuen to Infida, remorse of conscience,
and regard of honesty.

I haue read thy letters, Infida, wherein I hoped to haue found
I more honesty and lesse vanity, a signe of better thoughtis, and
lues of more remorse: else had I left them sealed, as I conueit to
caue the vnlenu. But I saycme, as no time wil alter the Par-

Greenes Neuer too late.

ther from his spoile, the mouse from her feare, no; the tigre from his fiercenes: so neither date nor reason will change the conditions of a Courtian. Thou wriest thou hast not liberty enough to sin, enioyned by some ouerthwart, neither to bee more honest then thou wouldest be; which is as great penance to one of thy trade, as a long pilgrimage to a sovorwel Palmer. A tears in a Scumpets eie, is like heat-drops in a bright sunshine: as much to be pitied, as the Crocodile whē he weeps: a Courtians laughter is like to lightning, that beautifies the heauen with a blaze, but soverans stommes and thunder. Art thou in loue with Francesco? mary gep Gigkeit, thy loue sits on thy tongus end, ready to leape off as soone as thy mouth opens, & thine honesty hangs at thine eye, which falleth away with every wile: thou art besieged with my beauty, that is, because thou hearest I have a rich purse not a faire face: soz thou valuest as much of beauty without pence, as a horse of a faire stalle without prouender. Thou art entised by my vertues: I wonder how that wod vertue comes in thy mouth, when it is so farre from thy heart, and yet no maruell, for the most infectious serpents have sweetest breaths, and comonnest Courtians, the most carteous speeches.

Thou wouldest haue me grace ther with my presence, and re-nue our old friendship: so I will, when I meane to gine my body to the Chirurgion, and my soule to the Diuell; for in louing thee, I must needs grant this Legacy. Thy reason is, that bones once broken, united againe, are the strongest: I would thy necke might make the exprise, and then I would trust the inkance. But why pester I so much paper to so lewd a person? as I found thee at the first, I leue thee at the last even empty goyng, to bast at a full purse, incontinent, false periored, as far from God, as thou art a friend to the diuell. And so adue.

Francesco penitent, and therefore a
persecutor to Courtians.

After he had writte this letter, he sent it to Isilda, who reading it, and seeing she could get no favour at the hands of Francesco that wrogol she never so subtilly, yet her trains were discovered, that her painted imes could not make him loope, so bad he with reald recollect his former folly. Whē she perceived, I say that all her sweet potions were found to be poisonys, though she

The second part.

She couered them never so clarkly she fel not in despaire with o-
uermuch loue, but swore in her self to intēd him some secret pre-
judicis, if ever it lay in her by any meanes to procure it: but lea-
ving her to the iustice of him that posseth the vēds of such impe-
nitent persons in his ballance, and committing Francesco to the
making of some strange Comedy, I will shew you how Fortune
made an assault to the vnsained affection of faire Isabel.

The discouerie of Isabels Fortune.

I

Sabel living thus penitue, in that she wanted the presence of
Francesco, yet for her patience and vertue grew so famous,
that all Caerbrancke talked of her perfections: her beauty was
admired of every eye, her qualities applauded in enery mans
care, that she was esteemed for a paterne of vertuous excellencie
througheout the whole Cittie. Among the rest that censured of
her curiositie fauours, there was one Signior Bernardo, a Burgo-
master of the Cittie who chancing on a time to passe by the doze
where Isabel sojourned, fixing so swēt a Saint, began to fall en-
amoured of so faire an object: and although he was old, yet the
fire of lust crept into his eyes, and so enflamed his heart, as with
a disordinate desire he began to affect her: but the renowne of her
challity was such, þ it almost quainted those spakhs that heated
him on to such lawlesse affectiō. But yet when he called to mind
that want was a great stumbling boche, and saw the necessity
that Isabel was in, by the absence of Francesco, he thought gold
would be a ready meane to gaine a womans god will, & ther-
fore despaired not of obtaining his purpose. After that this Sig-
nior Bernardo had obserued the exquisite perfection of her body &
how she was adoyned with most speciaill gifts of nature, he was
so snared with the fettors of lasciuious concupisence, as reason
could not redresse, what lust had ingrafted: his aged yéres yel-
led unto banitie, so he turned away his mind from God, not da-
ring to lift up his eyes to heauen, lest it should be a witnes of his
wickednes or a couallie to his guilty conscience: for the remem-
brance of God is a terror to the unrighteous, and the sight of his
creatures is a fling to the minde of the reprobate. He therefore
feeling his vñelish heart to be perplexed with such hellish passi-
ons carelessly cast off the feare of God from before his eies, nei-
ther remembryng that he was an Elder to giue god counseil, nor
a Judge

Greene's Never too late.

a Judge in the city, to minister right: his hoary haire could not
hale him from sinne, nor his calling convert him from filthinesse,
but he greedily dwanke up the dreys of vnguentenesse, and care-
fully busied his brenes to oppresse the simple, and to obtaine his
purpose, laid his plot thus. Being the chiese Burgomaster in
all the city, he determined to make a priuate search so; some sus-
pected person: and being master of the watch himselfe, to go vp
into her chamber, and there to discouer the depth of his desire: so
he thought to ioyne loue and opportunity in one union and with
his office and his age, to wipe out all suspition. Age is a Crowne
of glorie when it is adorneed with righteousnesse, but the dreys of
dishonor, when it is mingled with mischiefe: so; honourable age
consisteth not in the tearme of yeares, nor is measured by the
date of a mans dayes: but godly wisdom, is the gray haire, & an
undevilled life is the old age. The Verbrage the older it is, the
ranker smel it hath: the Hen-star is most blacke being old: the
Eagle the moxe pierces, the moxe crooked is her bill: and the grea-
ter age in wicked men, the moxe unrighteousnesse: which this
Signior Bernardo triid true: so; desire made him hate delay, and
therefore within two or thre nights, picking out a watch an-
swerable to his wits, he himselfe (as if it had bin some matter of
great import) went abroad, and to colour his folly with the bet-
ter shadow, he searched divers houses & at last came to the place
where Isabel lay, charging the Host to rise, and to shew him her
chamber, so; (quoth he) I must conser with her of most secret af-
fares. The goodman of the house obeyed willingly, as one that
held Bernardo in great reverence, & brought him end the watch
to the chamber dwze. Bernardo taking a candle in his hand, bade
them al depart, till he had talked with the Gentlewoman; which
they did: and he entring in, shutting the dwze, found her fast a
slape, which light drane the old Lecher into a maze: so; there
seeing nature in her pride, lust invigilid him the moxe, that he late
on the bed side a great while biewing of her beauty: at last star-
ting vp, he awakte her out of a swet flumber. Isabel looking vp,
and seeing one of the Burgomasters in the chamber, (for Ber-
nardo was knowne so; his grancie & wealth of every one in the
City) she was amazed yet gathering her wits together, raysing
her vp on her pflow, she did him all the dutifull reverence she
might

The second Part.

might, wondering what wind shoulde drive him into that place: at last the old Charle began to assaile her thus.

Bernard doth discourse to Isabel.

Be not amazed (faire Gentlewoman) to see me thus suddenly
secretly arrived, neither let my presence appall your sens-
es: for I come not cruelly as a foe, but curteously as a friend.
If my comming seeme strange, the cause is as straight; & where
necessity forceth, there it is hard to strive against the streame; he
that seeketh to swyng against his owne will, oftentimes kicketh ag-
ainst the prick, and he that strieketh to withstand loue, hoppeth
against the hill. These things considered (Mistres Isabel) if I
offend in being too bold, your beauty shal beare the blame, as the
onely cause of this enterprise: for to omit all circumstances, & to
come to the matter. So it is that since first mine eye fed of your
swet fauour, I haue beene so perplexed with the passions of loue,
& haue beene so deply drawned in the desire of your person, that
there is no torment so terrible, no paine so pinching, no woe so
grievous, as the griefe that hath griped me, since I burnt in loue
of your swet selfe: wherfore my liking is such, let my liking
be repaidre againe with loue, let my firme fancies be requited
with mutuall affection, and in lieu of my good will, consent
unto me and be my Paramour. That sinne which is secretly
committed is halfe pardoned, the loue chally enough that li-
ueth charily. The chamber dwye is that, no man either can de-
fect vs of any crime, or dare suspect vs of any folly. The credite
which I carry in the Cittie shall be sufficient to shrowde you
from shame: my office will bee able to defend you from mistrust,
and my gray haires a purvise stome to rase out all suspition, and
by this small offence (Isabel) thou shalt both content me and pur-
chase to thy selfe such a dutifull friend, as in all service thou
maist command, not onely ready to countenance thee with his
credite but to furnish all thy wants with his coyne: for what
treasure & gold I haue, shall be thine to haue. Isabel hearing this
subtile serpent to breath out such wily reasons, wonderinge to see a
man of his calling so blinded with the vane of lascivious lust, as
to blasphemē so diuellishly against his own consciēce, insomuch
that for a good space she sat astonisched, until at last gathering her

Greenes Neuer too late.

wits together, the burst forth into these sprches.

Isabels reply to Bernardo.

Tis a saying (Signior Bernardo) both old and true, that whoso sinneth against his Conscience, sinneth against his owne soule: and he that knoweth the law, and wilfully disobeyeth, is woyhy to be beaten with many stripes: which sentence of holy writ I wish you to consider, and it will be a sufficient warning to your inordinate desire. hath God placed you as a Burgeomaster of this Citie; and so a Judge over his people to punish Anne, and will you maintaine wickednesse? Is it your office to uphold the Law, and will you destroy it? Nay, are you commanded to cut off this sinne with infamie, and yet will you persuade a woman to defile her husbands bed? Is it your duty to drive us from all uncleane lust, and will you draw me to such folly? Is this the office of a Burgeomaster to besmeare such thoughts to the minde of an Elder? doth the summons of death appear in your gray head, & yet fleshly desires reigne in your heart? Doth thine old age impart a cleare conscience, and your inward appetite fraught with concupisence? Oh how pleasant a thing is it, where grappheaded men minister judgement, and the Elders can giue godly counsel! but how perillous a thing is it for the Ruler to be unrighteous, or the Judge of the people to delight in sinne? Such a man shall haue coales heaped vpon his head, & the wrath of the Lord shall consume his heritage. Where soe'st of men the Lord hates, and he utterly abhorres the life of them, a pore man that is proud, a rich man that is a liar, and an old adulterer that boasts, and isunchaste. Holst thou then (Signior Bernardo) soe sold thy selfe unto sinne, and sworne to worke wickednesse, that thou wilst prefer fadyng pleasure before lasting paine: and soe the fulfilling of thy filthy lust purchase perpetuall damnation. But put case I were soe careless of mine hono're and honestie to yield to thy request, shold not thy selfe be a witnesse of my disloyaltie? Would not mine owne works cry out for vengeance to plague my wickednesse? yes, no doubt, after thou hast glutted thy fantasy with the loathsomeesse of the sinne, and the spirit of man had toucht thy heart with the prick of the offence, thou wouldest both detest me as a mirror of immodestie, and account me forre as a common harlot: for the Lord suffereth not the wicked te.

The Second Part.

to goe unrewarded. She (saith the Wisseman) that's common, and not content in her loue, yielding that which is proper to her husband, into the possession of another man, disobeys the Law, makes b;each of her plighted troth, and lastly, plagues the world in most hellish adultery: her children shall not take root, nor her branches bring forth no fruit, her name shall be forgotten. And shall I then, knowing this, wilfully woe mine owne woes?

Shall I repay the troth, my husband-reposeth in me, with such frecherie? Shall such guilefull discouresse be a guerdon for his good will? No, the feare of God is a fortresse against such follie: the loue that I beare to my husband, is a shield to fence me from such shamelesse fancy: and the care of mine owne honor is a conserue against such lawlesse concupiscente. Whereas you say, that sinne secretly committed is halfe pardoned, & that she liveth ~~canc~~, that liveth ~~canc~~: that the chamber doore is shut, that no man can espy our follie, and the place so secret that the offence cannot be praetoriusall to my good name, I answer, that I more esteeme the iugement of God, then the iudgements of men: that I deare more to commit such a fact before the sight of the Almighty, then before the eyes of all the world.

Man iudgeth but ~~þ~~ body, but God the soule: the one being but a small pinch, the other a perpetual paine. He that breaketh twe-locke, and thinketh thus in his heart, Who setteth me? the millic clouds haue couer'd mee, and I am compassed about with a fog of dachnes: my offence shall not be an object to any mans eyes, neither can my doing be discerned, for I am shrowded within the walls, whom neade I to fears? and as for the Lord, he is mercifull, and will not remember any mans sinnes: he is slow unto iugement and promiseth speedily to pardon the faults of the wicked: Such a one as feareth more the eye of mo; tall man then the sight of an immortall God, and knoweth not that the looke of the Lord are ten thousand times brighter then the beames of the sunne, beholding the very thoughts of men, and searching the heart and the reines, the same man shall be punished with earthly plagues, he shall sodainely be taken in his owne trap, and shall fall before the face of every man, because he preferred his owne pleasure before the feare of the Lord. But alas, it is vnfit for the young fayre to leade the old buck: for a blind man to be guide to him that

Greenes Neuer too late.

bath his sight: and as unmete for a simple woman to instruct a Burgomaster and Elder of the Cittie. Is it my part to exhort you unto vertue, or rather, is it not your dutie to perswade mee from vice? but I hope this proffer is but a tryall to make proesse of mine honestie, and to fift out my secret intent: if otherwise, your will and your words bee one, cease your suite so; you may long gape, and yet never gaine that you look for. Signior Bernardo hearing Isabel so cummingly to confute his conclusive arguments, seeing she had infringed their reasons by the power of the law, thought to rest her upon a higher pinne, and to lay such a blot in her way, as she shold hardly wipe out: soz although he knew she did rightly resell his folly, & partly perceived her counseil cooled the extreme of his desree, yet the feare of God was so farre from him, that he prosecuted his intent thus.

Seignior Bernardoes answer to Isabels reply.

Vhy Isabel (said hee) thinkest thou thy painted speches, or thy hard denials shall preualle against my pretended purpose? No, he is a coward that yelds at the first shoule, and he not wroth to weare the bud of beauty, that is daunted with the first repulse. I haue the tree in my hand, & mean to infoy the fruit; I haue beaten the bush, and now will not let the birds sit, & fly. I haue you here alone, your sterne looks shall stand soz no ster-ling: but if you consent, be assured of a most trusty friend, if not, hope soz no other hap but open infamy. For thou knowest, Isabel that a womans chiesest treasure is her good name, and that shre which bath crackt her credit, is halfe hanged, soz death cuts off all miseries, but discredit is the beginning of all sorowes.

With them infamy is worse then losse of life, assure thy selfe, I will sting the to the quick, soz I wil presently send the to prison, and cause some ruffian in the city to sweare, that since the absence of thy husband Francesco, he hath laine with the, and soz coine bi-sed the as his concubine: so shall I blemish thine honour: tie the to some open punishment, and make the a laughing stocke to the world, odious to thy friends, and to lie hated of thy husband: mire office and authoritie, my age and honour shall shadow my pretence and helpe greatly to frame thy prudencie. Hark-ing then (faire Isabel) thou shalt by consent keape the report of thy chasttie, and by deniall, gaine shame and reppoch. Methyn thy selfe

The second part.

selfe a wile woman, and of two evils chuse the least.'

Iabel hearing the mischianous pretence of this subtil lecher, and seeing he had so cunningly laid the snare, that she could not avoid the trap, but either she must incur the danger of the bodie, or the destruction of the soule, was so driven into such a passionat dilemma, that she burst forth into teares, sighes, & plaints, which she blubbed forth on this wise. Alas (said she) most wile & knyght wretch, is the seare of God so farre from thy minde, that thou seekest, not onely to lacke mine hono; but to sucke my blood? Is it not iniury enough that thou doest to spoile my honesty, but that you long to spill my life? hath thy swet loue pretended such bitter taste? Is this the fruit of your fained fancies? No doubt, the cause must bee pernicious, when the effect is so pestilent. Flatter not your selfe in this thy folly, nor sooth not thy thoughts in thy sins, for there is a God that seeth and will rewenge, and hath promised, that whoso binds two sins together, shall not be unpunished in the one. But what availeth it to talkes of wisdom to a fool, or of the wrath of God to a wilfull reprobate: The Charmer, charme he never so wisely, charmes in vain, if the Adder be dease: and he casteth stones against the windes, that stickes to draw the wicked from their folly: let me therefore (poore soule) mozenarowly consider mine owne case, I am perplexed with many doubtful passions, and grievous troubles assaile me on every side. If I comit this crime, though never so secretly, yet the Lord is Cardiognostes, & pierceth into the very thoughts, and mine owne conscience will bee a continuall witnessse against me of this wickednesse: *Stipendum peccatis mors:* then what other hap can I hope for, but perpetuall damnation, sith God himselfe hath promised, to be a swift witnessse against all wilfull adulterers? If I consent not unto this brighteous wretch, I am like to bee uniusually accused of the like crime, and so shall I, being guiltlesse, haue my hono; ever blemisht with infamy. By this meanes, what a discredite shall I bring to my parents, to my husband, and my chil-
dren, the hoarie haires of my Father shall bee brought with sorrow unto the grane, Francesco shall be ashamed to shew his face in the streets of the Cittie, and my poore babes shall bee counted as the seed of an harlot, and yet alas I my selfe albegether faultlesse. Why, my secret offence shall preuent all this open shame:

Greenes Never too late.

The Lord is slow to wrath, and his mercy exceds all his works:
He wisteth not the death of a sinner : and hearty repentance pacifieth his displeasure. But O vile wyche that I am, why doe I
blaspheme thus against the Lord & his law ? Why do I breathe
out these hellish sprches? can I say, I wil repent at my pleasure ?
O; wal I therfore sinne, in hope, because the Lord is mercifull ?
No, no, it is better soz me to fall into thy handes, and not commit
the offence, then to sinne in the sight of the Lord. Shall I not rather
scare God than man: and dread him more that killeth both
soul and body, than him that hath power to kill the body onely ?
Yet his care shall be thy defence. And with that she raised her
selfe vp, spitted in his face, wishing him to doe his woorl: where-
upon hee called vp the watch , and commanded her to make her
ready soz she shold to prison. Her host wondring what the cause
shuld bee, as a man priuie to her actions , and the vertue of her
life, would haue given his word soz her , that she shold the next
day answer whatsoever shold be objected agaist her : but his
word would not be taken, soz Bernarde was full of fury, and car-
ried her away to prison: where deeply griesed, e yet smothering
her soz row with patience, she lay the rest of the night : the next
morrow, as faire as the day b;ake, she cald soz pen and incke and
wrote this mournesfull Sonnet.

Isabels Sonnet that she made in prison.

Veritas non querit angustias.

No storme so sharpe to rend the little Reede,
For sildir breakes , though every way it bend.
The fire may heat, but not consume the flint,
The gold in furnace purer is indeede.
Report that sild to honour is a friend,
May many lies againtt true meaning mint:

But yet at last,
Gauitt slaunder blast,
Truth doth the silly faultlele soule defend.

Though false reproach seekes honor to distaine,
And enuy bites the bud though ne're so pure :

Though

The second part.

Though lust doth seeke to blemish chaste desire,
Yet truth that brookes not falsehoods flandrous staine,
Nor can the spite of enuies wrath endure,
Will triu true loue from lust in iustice fire,
And maugre all,
Will free from thrall
The guiltlesse soule that sets his footing sure.

Where innocence triumpheth in her prime,
And guilt cannot approach the honest minde :
Where chaste intent is free from any misse,
Though enuie striue, yet searching Time,
With piercing insight will the truth out finde,
And make discouerie who the guiltie is,
For time still tries
The truth from lies :
And God makes open what the world doth blind.
Veritas temporis filia.

Isabel wetting her bonnet with teares, & pronouncing every
line with a sigh, sat in a dump. Whil'st the fame of this fact was
spred abroad throughout all Caebrancke, every man began sundry
coniectures as affection led them: her friends sorrowing,
suspected the candred mind of the Burgomaster: yet soz his cal-
ling durst not discouer their suspition: her foes laughing, said,
that dissembled holines was a doubled sin, that the holiest counte-
nance hath not alwayes the honestest conscience: both friend
and foe notwithstanding wondring at the strange chance, seing
her outward actions, did manifest so many vertues. Well, to be
briefe, Signior Bernardo assembled the other Burgomasters of
the towne into the common Hall, sent for Isabel thither; at whose
comming (as the nature of man is desirous of novelties) a great
pleasur of people was present to heare the matter thouroughly can-
vassed. When Isabel was thus brought before the barre, Signior
Bernardo (who had suborned a young man in the City solemnly
to despose that he had laine with Isabel) began his inuective
thus: I am loy (grave citizens, and inhabitants of Caebrancke)
that this day I come to accuse Isabel, whose vertues hitherto
have

Greenes Neuer too late.

have wonne her many fanoys, and the outward shew of her god
qualities haue bin highly appalmed of all men : but my con-
science constraines me, not to conceale such hatious Anne, nor to
smother by so great an offence without rebuke. I am one of the
Judges and Cibers of the people , appointed by almighty God,
chosen by the multitude, and constrained by the law, to haue no
respect of persons , neither to be too rigorouſe to my foe , nor too
partiall to my friend:but with the ballance of equity to meaſure
man according to his merit, and with the ſword of iuſtice to up-
hold vertue, and beate downe vice. This conſidered, I am foſced
to diſcover a wicked deede that this Isabel hath committed, and
that is this.

This young man here p;ſent, for a certayne ſumme of money
compounded to lie with Isabel, and for pence had his pleaſure on
her : ſhe alluring him with ſuch wilie amoynts of a Curtizan ,
that in her company he hath conſumed all his ſubſtance : The
young mans friends ſiting his folly, and that no perfwalions
could diſſuade him from affecting her, made complaint unto me :
whereupon I examined him , and found him , not guilty of the
crime, but tractable to be reclaimed from his folly : ſiting then
(Citizens of Caerbranke) ſuch a curtizan as this may vnder the
colour of holines ſhowd much preiudice , & allures many of our
youth to miſchiefes, I thought it my duty to bring her into open
infamy, that ſhe may be puniſhed for her fault,knotone for a har-
lot, and from henceforth lie despiled and hated of all. For p;ſon
that ſhe hath liued long in this lewd kind of life, this young man
ſhall here before you all make p;ſent deposition : and with that
he reacht him a Bible : whereon he ſwoore, that he had long time
conuerct diſhonestly wiſh Isabel , euer ſince the departure of her
husband. At which oath , the people that were Jurours in the
caufe, belauing the p;oteflation of Bernardo , and the deposition
of the youth , preſently found her guiltie : and then Bernardo and
the reſt of the Burgomasters gave iudgement , that ſhee ſhould
p;eculiarly haue ſome open & ſeuerē punishment, and after bee ba-
niſhed out of the Cowne. Aſſoone as Isabel heard the censure, ſhe
appeald for no mercy, nor abafht any whit, as one deſirous of fa-
vour : but lifting vp her eyes to heaven, only ſaid thus : O God,
which ſeſt the ſecrets of all harts, and knowest all things before
they

The second part.

they came to passe, which discernest the very inward thoughts, and triest the heart and the reines : thou knowest, that because I would not consent unto the shly lust of this boynge lecher, noȝ agrē by besiling my husbandes bed to fullfyl his fleshly desires, that he hath slandered me with a crime whereof I was never guilty, that he hath produced this yong man by a sinfull subordination, to perire himselfe in a fault, whereas not so much as in thought I committed such a fact : he hath, to satylste his malicious mind without cause, denied this false crime. I conste O Lord, to be a most grievous offender, & to deserve far greater punishment, but not so; this died. Hare then O Lord my prayer, & let the inno-cēce of my cause plead before thy divine maiesty: if it be thy will, prevent his practises, confound his counsels, and let him that hale dig'd a pit for others, fall into the snare himselfe. Thou hast meuer as yet, O Lord, left the succourlesse without help, but hale delivere them which feare thee, from all aduersitie: thou diddest set frē Joseph from the hāss of his br̄thren, which sought to spill his blōd, & diddest p̄mette the practises of Saul, intended against thy servant David: Elizeus being besieged within Dothan, was not onely frēd from his foes, but also garbed about with a troupe of holy Angels: Elias was p̄ferrēd from the cruelty of Iezabel, and fed with Ravens. But chieflē in my case, how mighty diest thou shrowd Sullana from the trechery of the two Elders, in raising up young Daniel to maintaine her right? Nay, who hath trusted in thy mercy, which hath come to mis hap & oȝ who hath put his hope in thee, and hath suffered harme? So, O Lord if it be thy will, thou canst disclosse the deuice of this Signior Bernardo, and unfold the follies of this false witnesse: heipe then, O Lord, for in thē is my trust.

The people hearing the solemnne protestations of soz: r: w: n: l: Isabel, thought she had spoken these words to excuse her fault, but not that she was guiltesse of the fact: gining moȝ credite to the reverend age of Bernardo, and the oath of the young man, con-fonned out by the Burgomaster, then to the young yeres of a simple woman, supposing her sp̄ches were moȝe of custome to cloake her follies, then of conscience to clere her of that crime: & they would have returned her backe againe unto prisone, till the day assignd for her punishment. As she was ready to be carried

Greenes Nevertoo late.

away, helwhich had accused Isabel, start by as a man lunaticke, and cryed out unto the people thus: I haue sinned, men of Caerbrancke, I haue sinned, the thought of my present perjurie is a hell to my conscience: so; I haue sworne falsly against the innocent, and haue consented to condemne Isabel without a cause: & with that he discovered at the barre, how Signior Bernardo had suborned him against the Gentlewoman, and how in all his life before he never was in her company. Upon which confession of the vong man, the Burgomasters examined the matter more effectually, and found that Isabel was cleare, chaste, honest, & vertuous, and Bernardo was a boying lecher: whereupon they not onely amerced him in a great fine to be paid to Isabel, but put him sover after from bearing any office in the Cittie.

Thus was Isabel delivered from her enemies, and reckoned moze famous for her chastity thowgh all Caerbrancke. This strange cuent spred abroad thowgh all the Country, and as same flies swifte & farre, so at last it came to the eares of Francesco: so; hee sitting in Troyouant at an Ordinarie, amongst other Gentlemen, heard this sortune of Isabel reportid at the Table so; strange newes by a Gentleman of Caerbrancke, who brought in Isabel so; a mirrour of chastity, and added this moze, that shé was married to a Gentlewoman of ripe wit, god parennage, and welshuld in the liberall Sciences, but (quoth he) an unchristian, and one that hath bin from his wife bre yeres. At this all the table condemned him as passing unkinde, that could wrong so vertuous a wife with absence. He was silent and blosht, felling the wozme of his conscience to winge him, & with such a sharp sting, that as soone as he got into his chamber, he fell to meditate with himselfe of the great abusess he offered his wife, the excellency of her exterior perfection, her beauty, vertue, and other rare ornaments of nature, presented themselves unto his thoughts, that he began not only to be passing passionate, but deeply penitent, sorrowing as much at his former follies, as his hope was to ioy in ensuing good fortunes. Now he saw, that *Omnis sub sole variat*: that beauty without vertue, was like to a glazions flower without any operatio, which the Apothecaries set in their shops so; to be seen, but asone as it withereth, they cast it into the sovraunce as an unprofitable weed: that the imbezacings of a Turban,

The second part.

35n, seme they never so swet, yet they were the paths to destruction: that their looks are stales unto death, and the fodes of their hands, are setters to snare men in sinne. Now he saw that pride was extreme folly; so such as lookt most high against the Sunne, grew soonest blind: that Icarus caught his fall by soaring high: that time ill spent in vanity, in riotous company, amongst a crew of carelesse Cavaliers, that would boast it in the towne, not haue it in the field, was neither to be recalled nor recompensit. Oh Francesco (quoth he) how fondly hast thou bee ned away with every looke, fed upon with trencher-dies, eaten aline with flatterers, given to looke at a Goddesse more then thy God, more readie to a Botole then thy Booke, squaring in the Urates, when thou shouldest haue meditating in thy Chamber? If thou knowest these to be extreme parts of folly, repente & amend. The Dere knowing Tamarish is deadly to his nature, scoures to come nere the tre. The Unicorne will not brouke to rest vnder a Cyptren tre, so that he holds it mostall. The Elephant will slip out of the company of a murtherer. These brute beastes avide what nature telz them is perillous: thou hantest after those harmes with greedines, that thou knowell art prejudicall. Wel Francesco, then now or else never away with such follies; stop at the botome, and then it is Serio, yet let it be Serio: home to the wife of thy youth, reconcile thyselfe to her, she wil forgiue and forget thy former fondnes, & entertain her penitent paramour, with as great kindnes as he comes home with penance: What man? Nunquam serae est ad bonos mores via. With that Francesco tooke pen, and paper, and wrote this.

Francescoes Sonnet made in the prime of his penance.

VIth sweating browes I long haue plow'd the sands:
My seed was youth, my crop was endlesse care,
Repentance hath sent home with empty hand,
At last, to tell how rife our follies are;
And time hath left experience to approoue,
The gaine is grieve to those that traffique loue.
The silent thought of my repentant yeeres
That fill my head, haue cald me home at laist:

Greenes Neuertoolate.

Now louevnmaske, a wanton wretch appeares,
Begot by guilefull thought wth ouer-hast:
In prime of youth, a Rose, in age, a Weed,
That for a minutes joy, payes enditlele meed.
Deadto delights, a foe to fond conceit,
Alied to wit by want, and sorrow bought:
Farewell fond youth, long fostred in deceit,
Forgive me Time disguised idle thought.
And loue adew, lo, hasting to my end,
I finde no time too late for to amend.

Having framed this Bonnet, bee gaue the copy to some of his friends, making manifest to them his resolution to leaue Troyouant, and to goe home; and by their helpe, who furnished him with such necessaries as he did want, bee in shott time tooke his iournay. The day of his departure was joyful to al his friends, insomuch that as many as knew of his iournay, gathered themselves together, and made him a banquet: where (verie merry and pleasant) they carowst to the health of his Isobel: One amongst the rest, who loued Fr. nesco so tenderly, tooke a cup of wine in his hand, and with teares in his eyes, said thus: Francesco, I haue nothing to give thair, being my selfe pinched with want, but some precepts of wit that I haue bought with much experiance, those walt thou haue at my hands, whicht if thou put in practice, thinke I haue ginen much treasure.

The farewell of a friend.

- 1 Let Gods worship be thy mornings worke, and his wisedome, the direction of thy dayes labour.
- 2 Rise not without thanks, nor sleepe not without repentance.
- 3 Choose but a few friends, and try those: for the flatterer speakes fairest.
- 4 If thy wife bee wise, make her thy Secretary; else locke thy thoughts in thy heart, for women are seldome silent.
- 5 If she be faire, bee not iealous; for suspition cures not womens follies.
- 6 If she be wise, wrong her not: for if thou louest others, shee will loath thee.
- 7 Let thy childrens nurture bee their richest portion: for wisedomc

The second part.

dome is more precious then wealth.
8 Be not proud amongst thy poore neighbours : for a poore mans
hate is perillous.
9 Nor too familiar with great men : for presumption winnes dis-
daine.
10 Neither be too prodigall in thy fare, nor die not indebted to
thy belly, enough is a cast.
11 Be not envious, lest thou fall in thine owne thoughts.
12 Use partie, mirth, and quiet : for care is enemy to health.

And Francesco (quoth his friend) that thou mayst remember
my preceps, I drinke to thē : upon this he plaid him, and so in
pleasant chat they pass away the time till breakfast was done, &
then he gaſt him to hoſte, and they brought him a mile out of the
Cittie. At laſt, although they plaide to depart, yet Francesco
must away : but before hee departed, when they were ready to
shake hands, he puld out of his berne a ſonnet that he made, and
gave it them.

Francescoes Sonnet called his parting blow.

REASON that long in prison of my will,
Hath wept thy Mistris wants and losse of time,
Thy wonted liege of honour safely clime.
To thee I yeeld as guiltie of mine ill.

Loe (fettered in their reare) mine eyes are prest,
To pay due homage to their native guide :
My wretched heart wounded with bad betide,
To craue his peace, from reason is address,

My thoughts ashameſd, ſince by them ſelues conſum'd,
Haue done their duty to repentant wit :
Aſham'd of all, ſweete guide, I ſorry fit,
To ſee in youth how I too farre preſum'd :

That he whom loue and errour did betray,
Subſcribes to thee, and takes the better way :

Seruſedſerio.

Greenes Neuer too late.

As soone as he had deliuered them the sonnet, shaking hands,
he put spurs to his horse and rode onward on his iourney: within
fve daies he arrived at Caebrancke, where as soone as he was
lig hted, he went to the house where his wife soloured; and one
of the maids espyng Francesco, yet knew him so; all his long ab-
sence, and ran in and told it to Isabel, that her husband was at
the doore: she being at wch in her chamber, sat as one in an ex-
taste. Untill Francesco came vp, who at the first sight of his wife,
considering the excellency of her beauty, her vertues, chasitie, &
other perfections, & measuring her constancy with his disloyalty,
scolede as a man metamorphosed: at last he began thus. Ah Isabel,
what shall I say to thy sorwes or my follies? what exordium
shall I vse to shew my penance, or discouer my sorwes, or
expresse my present ioyes? for I tell thee I concerne as great
pleasure to see thā wel: as grief in that I haue wroned thā with
my absence. Right sighes, (Isabel) teares, plaints, or any such exte-
rio; passions pourtray out my inward repētance, I would shew
thee the Anatomy of a most distressed man: but amongst many
sorrowing thoughts, there is such confusion, that superfluitie of
griefes stops the source of my discontent. No figure out my fol-
lies, or they extremity of my fancies, were but to manifest the bad
course of my life: and to rub the scar, by letting out mine owne
scarre: and therfore let it suffice, I repent hartily, I sorrow dep-
ly, and meane to amend and continue in the same constantly. At
this Francesco stood and wept, which Isabel seeing, conserued by
his outward griefs his secret passions, and therfore taking him
about the neck, wetting his cheeke with the teares that fel from
her eyes, she made him this womanly and wise answer.

What, Francesco, commest thou home full of woes, or sekest
thou at thy returne to make me wepe? Hast thou bēne long ab-
sent, & now bringest thou mee a treatise of discontent? I see thou
art penitent, & therfore I am like not to heare what follies are
past. It sufficeth for Isabel, that hencesorth thou wslt loue Isabel,
and vpon that condition without any more woes, welcome to
Isabel. With that she smilid and wept, & in doing both together,
sealed vp all her contrarie passions in a kisse. Many looks pass
betwene them, many odde fancies and many fauours: but what
they did, or how they agreed in secret, that cannot I tell: but so:th
they

The second part.

They came great friends out of the chamber, where Francesco was welcomed home of his wiues Host with great cheare: who to shew his kindnesse the moze, had provided a solemnis banquet, having bidden many of his neigborz to supper, that they might accompany Francesco. Whel supper being done, & then sitting by the fire, the Host seeing them all in a dump, said, that to drive them out of their melancholly, he woulde tel them a tale, which they all desirous of late silent, and he began thus.

The Hosts tale.

In Thessaly, where nature hath made the soile prouide with the beauty of Shepheards, ther's dwelled a swaine called Selador: ancient, as hauing age seated in his haire: and wealthy: as infeoffed with great possessions: and honest, as being indued with many vertuous qualities. This Selador had to ioy him in his age, a daughter of great beauty, so exquisite in her extierior feature, as no blemish might eclipse the glory that Nature bestowed in her lineaments. As thus she was faire, so was she wise, and with her wit ioynd vertue, that to behold wher was Helena, to heare, Pallas, and to court, a Daphne. This Damsel whose name was Mirimida, kept her fathers shēp, and in a scarlet petticoate, with a chaplet of flowers on her head, went every day to the fields, where she plide the care of her fathers folds with such diligence, that she seemed with labour, to enter armes against want, & with her hands thrist, to prevent her harts griefe. Using thus daily the plaines of Thessaly, the Shepheards delighted at the gaze of so excellent an object, held their eyes fortunate when they might behold her feature, esteeming him happy that could lay his shēps nerest unto her folds. Amongst the rest of all the swaines that fed their thoughts on her fauours, there was one called Eurymachus, a yong youth, that had the pride of his yāres triumphing in his countenance, wittie and full of pleasant-conceits; and that Fortune might iumpe with loue, and make him gracious in womens eyēs, he was wealthy, so; gold is the Chisecol of loue. Thus Eurymachus alwaies so plotted the course of his shēpe-walke, that he was next neighbour to Mirimida, insomuch, that to discouer his fancies, he did her often fauors: so; whē

Greenes Never too late.

any of her Lambs went astray, or any thing greefe smitte, then
Eurymachus was the swaine that entrued by his laboz to re-
dresse every losse. By this meanes he warez private, & familiar
with Mirimida, which was the meanes that brought him into
a preuidial labyrinth: so he did so neare accedere ad ignem, that
he did calefcre plus quam satis: so as none comes neare the sume
of the Misselden, but he wazeth blinde, no; any touch the Daia-
mander, but he is troubled with the palle: so none could gaze on
the face of Mirimida, but they went away languishing. This
did poore Eurymachus experiance: so although he knew loues
aces were fatall & did not warme, but scorch: yet he loued with
the bird to fye to the flame, though he burnt his wings, & fell in
the bush, he would not with vllie stop his eares, but sit & sing
with the Sirens: he feared no enchantment, but carowth with
Circes, till his over-daring drew him in a passionate danger, and
so long suckt in the beauty of Mirimida, with his ever thikke eyes,
till his heart were fuller of passions then his eyes of affections;
yet discouer his thoughts he durst not, but smothered by his in-
ward paines with outward silence: having the Queen the holier
within, so that it was damd vp, & his griefs the deeper, so that
they were concealed. Manifest his malady to her he durst not,
he thought himselfe too homely a patient for such a phisition: to
bitter his loues to another, & make any to be his secretary but him-
selfe, he supposed was to draw in a rival to his loues. Thus Eu-
rymachus was perplexed, till at last, to gine a little bent to the
flame, sitting on a day sin a hill, he puld sooth pen, and inke, and
wrote his fancy. The effects were these.

Eurymachus fancy in the prime of his affection.

When Lordly Saturne in a sable robe,
Sate full of frownes, and mourning in the West,
The Euening starde scarce peopt from out her lodges,
And Phœbus newly gallopt to his rest;

Euen then

Did I

Within my boate sit in the silent streames,
And void of cares as he that lies and dreames.
As Phao, so a fairman I was,

The

The second Part.

The country-lasses said I was too faire,
With easie toile I laboured at mine oare,
To passe from side to side who did repaire:

And then
Did I,

For paines take pence, and *Cheres*-like transport,
As soone the swaine as men of high import.
When want of worke did give me leauue to rest,
My sport was catching of the wanton fish:
So did I weare the tedious time away,
And with my labour mended oft my dish.

For why
I thought

That idle houres was Calenders of ruth,
And time ill spent, was prejudice to youth.
I scornd to loue, for were the Nymph as faire,
As she that loued the beauteous Latman swaine;
Her face her eyes, her tresses, nor her browes,
Like Iuory could my affection gaine:

For why,
I said

With high disdaine Loue is a base desire,
And Cupids flames, why, th'are but watry fire.
As thus I sat disdaining of proud loue,
Haue ouer, Ferriman, there cryed a boy,
And with him was a Paragon, for hue,
A louely Damsel beauteous and coy.

And there
With her

A maidencouered with a tawnie vale,
Her face vuseene for breeding louers bale.
I sturd my boate, and when I came to shoare,
The boy was wing'd, me thought it was a wonder,
The dame had eyes like lightning, or the flash
That runnes before the hot report of thunder,

Her smiles
Were sweet,
Louely

Greenes Nestor too late.

Louely her face: was ne're so faire a creature,
For earthly carcasse had a heauenly feature.
My friend (quoth she) sweet Ferriman behold,
We three must passe, but not a farthing fare,
But I will giue (for I am Quicke of loue)
The brightest lasse thou lik' st unto thy share:

Choose where
Thou louest.

Be she as faire as Loues sweet Lady is,
She shall be thine, if that will be thy blisse.
With that she simild with such a pleasing face,
As might haue made the marble rocke relent,
But I that triumpht in disdaine of loue,
Had sic on him that to fond loue was bent:

And then
Said thus,

So light the Ferriman for loue doth care,
As Venus paſſe not if ſhe pay no fare.
At this a frowne late on her angry brow
She winkes vpon her wanton ſonne hard by:
He from his quiuor drew a bolt of fire,
And aym'd ſo right, as that he peirſt mine eye.

And then
Did ſhe

Draw downe the veile that hid the virgins face,
Whose heauenly beauty lightned all the place.
Straight then I lean'd mine eare vpon mine arme,
And lookt vpon the Nymph (if ſo) was faire:
Her eyes were starres, and like Apollos lockes
Me thought appear'd the trameſts of her haire.

Thus did
I gaze

And ſuckt in beauty, till that ſweet deſire
Cafte fuel on, and ſet my thoughts on fire.
When I was lodg'd within the net of loue,
And that they ſaw my heart was all on flame,
The Nymph away, and with her trippes along
The winged boy, and with her goes his daunc.

The second part.

Oh then
I cryed,

Stay Ladies, stay, and take not my case,
You all shall passe, and pay no penny fare.
Away they fling, and looking coyly backe,
They laugh at me, ah with a loud disdaine.
I send out sighes to ouertake the Nymphs,
And teares as lures to call them backe againe :

But they
Flie thence.

But I sit in my boate, with hand on oare,
And feele a paine, but knowes not what's the soare,
At last I feele it is the flame of loue,
I striue, but bootlesse, to reppresse the paine,
It cooles, it fires, it hopes, it fears, it frets,
And stirreth passions throughout every vaine :

That downe
I fate,

And sighing, did faire *Venus* lawes approue
And swore nothing so sweete and fowre as loue.

Et florida pungunt.

Hauing made this Canzon, he put it in his bosome, and oft when he was by himselfe would reade it, easing his passion with viewing the conceits of his oþn fancy: on a day hauing brought downe his shépe, he espies Mirimida, and to her he goes, and after his wonted salute sat downe by her, & fell so ſuch chat as occation did minister, intermeddling his passions with ſo many sighs, and ſting his eye ſo effectually vpon her face without remoue, that ſhe perceiued the ſhepherd had swallowed Aconiton, and that there was none but ſhe that boze the Antidote as thus ſhe noted his passions. She plied a ſcrolle of paper ſticking out of his bosome, which ſhe ſnatched ſo; h^e bnsolde, and perceiving it was a Bonnet, ſhe read it, and then looking earnestly on Eury machus, he blouft, and ſhe with friendly ſimile began to croſſe him with his ſrump. What, Eury machus, cannot wanted labours wipe away wanton Amours, no; thy ſhēpes care prevent thy heartis loue? I had thought fancy had not frode on thy hale, no; affection p;efented any obiect to thyne eie: but now I

Greenes Neuer too late.

so, as the Camelion cannot live without aire, nor the Salaman-
der without fire, so men have no quiet in their life, unlesse they
acquaint them with loue: I see, swaines are not such swads, but
they haue thoughts and passions, and as they never solow, they
can looke at beauty. Coridon in his gray cassocke, had his faire
Phillis, and Menalcas could court Calacea in his Shepheardes
cloake; and Eury machus, he he never so homely, will hazard, but
at whom, there lies the question.

At whom (quoth Eury machus) ab Mirimida, at one that is too
high for my thoughts, & too beauteous for my fortunes: so what
I haue soared with the Hobby, I shall bate with the Wurting:
and daring with Phaeton, I shall dwiue with Icarus: mine eye
was proud, my thoughts too forward: I haue stared at a starre,
but shall stumble at a stome; & I feare, because I haue ouer-lookt
in loue, I shall be ouer-laid in loue. With that he sighed, & M-
rimida smilid and made this reply. Why Eury machus, a man or
a mouse? what is there any Cedar so high, but the flourest snaille
wil crepe to the top: & fortune so base, but will aspire? any loue
so pretious, but hath his prize? What Eury machus, a Cat may
look at a King and a swaine eye hath as high a reach as a Lords
ooke Vulcan in his leather suites courted Venus in her silks: the
swaine of Latmos towed Luna; both dared, and both had their de-
frees. What, loue requires not wealth, but courage, and paren-
tage is not so high priz'd by fancy, as personage: feare not, man,
if thou hast lookt high, follow thy thoughts, and try loues fauors.
so; denial is no dishonor, Eury machus hearing Mirimida in such
an amorous humour, encouraged by her persuasions, thought
now to strike while the iron was hot, and therefore taking her
by the hand, began thus.

Truth Mirimida, Venus lapnes are bounded with constraint,
and when loue leadeth the ey, before keps no company: when
Paris courted Helena, though she were coy and denyed, yet was
she not discourceous and disbaied, so she answered thus mild-
ly: *Nemo etenim succedit amanti.* This (Mirimida) makes me
hardy to take thee by the hand, and to say, I loue Mirimida: so;
thou art the Sun that hast eclipsit mine eies, on thy beauty haue
I so long gazed, that as they which were wounded with Achil-
les Launce, could not be healed but by the same truncheon: so
thine

The second part.

thine excellencie hath fettered Eurymachus, that by curtesie must
steve Eurymachus. I conesse I haue lookt too high, but I excuse
mine owne presumption by thine own principles:and if I haue
dared too much, why, loues allowes it. Then faire Nymph, if thou
beest as beautifull as Venus, yet looke at blacke Vulcan: low for-
tunes haue high desires, if thou beest as lonely as Luna, stoope to
Endymion: a Swaine may be as constant as a King. Shepheards
loues are louall, soz their eyes are like Emeralds that receiu
but one impression, and their hearts like Adamants that will
turne no way but to one point of the haven. Mirimida stroking
at the folly of the Shepheard, cut him off thus.

If thou knewest how bad the corne is, Eurymachus (quoth she)
thou wouldest not put thy sickle so farre in, and seing your har-
vest is like to be so little, spare labour, and woake not so hard: if
you haue lookt at my beauty, your aime is not beyond compasse
your high straines are but strumps, & so I take them: so he that
callis a Faulcon a Phenix, is but a flatterer: and such as terme
their loue, Saints, are thought but to bitter iwords of course.

Wel, howsover if you loue me I like you, but so as Dianas
fancy was to Apollo, to be his friend in the field, and his soe in
the chamber, to fauour him as a huntsman, but to hate him whē
he chatted of loue: so Eurymachus, so long as thou souldest thy
flocks with Mirimida, thou art welcome to Mirimida, but if thou
castest forth thy loue to haue Mirimida loue, then I will leaue
thee to thy folly, as one that hates to be dazone to fonicie: soz
know, that as the Olyne tree will brooke no touch of fire: the
Agyle no heate of fire: so Mirimidae eares are not capable of any
amorous persuasions: and therforeze friend Eurymachus, any
thing but loue, and so I leaue you.

Say (quoth Eurymachus) and he tooke her fast by the arme, if
I were sure you had powter as Diana had, to plague me with
A neons punishment, you passe not without a little moze prattle:
if I anger you, tis first a p̄paration to a good stomache, soz
shoaler is a friend to digestion: secondly, as the Chyliscoll, and
the Guld by long striing together, grow to be one mettall, so by
our falling out, we shall be better friends soz euer: soz

Amantium ure amoris redintegratio est.
Thereforeze faire Spilris sit still and grant some fauor to him
P 3 that

Greenes Neuer too late.

that is so pained with fancie; I will loue you, though I am poore; and a King can do but so much: if you think my degrē be too lowe for height of beauty, think of al parts, the mean is the merriest, & that the Sheþeads gray hath lesse grē iſt the Lordly estates. I know, women must be coy, because they are women, and they must haue time to be wonne, or else they would be thought to be wālōns: therefore whatsover you say now, I hold it not authētical: yet so; that I would haue some hope: good Mirimida let me ſet the laugh. Wher could not but ſmile, to ſee the ſheþead ſo pleasant, and ſo Eurymachus reſted content, and from amorous that they fel to talke of other matters, til evening grew on, and then they folden their ſheþ, and with a friendly farewel parted.

Eurymachus was not alone thus enamoured of the faire Mirimida, but all the ſheþeads of Theſſaly w^t;t Poems and Ditties of her beautie, and were ſtrōz to her ſoꝝ fauor, the like Daphne held lone in diſdaine, and yet was curteſie alſi in another kinde of conuerence. Amongſt he rest, Venus (beſlike) willing to be pleasant, had w^tapt one in the Labyrinth of loue, called Mullidor, a fellow that was of honest parēts, but very pore, & his perſonage was as it had bin cast in Esops wood, his backe like a Lute, and his face like Thirlites, his eyes broad and tawnie, his haire harsh and curled like a horſe maine, his lippes were of the largest ſize in folio, able to furnish a Coblers Shoppe with clouting leaþer: the only god part that he had to grace his viſage was his noſe, and that was conqueror^z-like, as beaked as an Eggle: Nature hauing made ſo proper a ſtripling, thought his inward qualitieſ ſhould not blemiſh his outward excellencie: & therfore to keepe proportion, into his great head he put in little wit, that he knew rather ſheþe by the marke then the number, ſo; he was never good Arithmetitian, and yet he was a proper ſcholler, and well ſene in Ditties. This ruffling ſheþead amongſt the rest, and moze then any of the rest, was enamoured of Mirimida, ſo that he woule often leauue his ſheþ at random, to paſſe by the fields where the ſate, onely to ſtide his eie with fauour. Well, as fooles haue eies, ſo haue they hearts, and thofe oft harbour ſond deſire: Loue ſometimes looks low, & will ſumble on a cottage aswell as on a pallace: fooles are in extremitieſ, not eaſie to be perſwaded from their bable, & when they begin

The second part.

begin to loue, folly whets them on to rascall thoughts. So fell it out with Mullidor: for after he had talked of the beauty of Mirimida, he grew passionate, but with great impatience, and wafted away in the delaires of his own desires, that he was waken pale and wan: which his old mother spynging, maruelled to see her son so male-content, for she loued him tenderly, and thought him the swettest yongh, and brawlest young man in all Thessaly. The Crow thinkes her swistles the fairest, and the Ape accounts of her young as well featured darlings: so Calena, (so was the olde womans name) thought Mullidor no lesse, though his sires were greater th'an Ales, but held hem of a swet personage and rars wit. Well, the pore old wife, when her son came home at night, satynge haw ill he lookt, marueld what shoud be the cause of his subdaine change: yet because she wold follow the princi-ples of country phisick, she thought to passe ouer speaking to him till supper was done, to try what stomacke he had. Well, the cloth was laid, and the brawne loafe set on the board. Mullidor ful of passions, sat down to his pottage, & ate off his boyl ful, the old woman stumbles to the pot agains for a fresh messe. Ah mother (quoth he with a great sigh) no more bwoth to night: with that she clapt her hand on her knie, and swore, her boy was not wel, that he soooke his supping: yet he fell to a piece of Bacon that stood on the boord, & a tongh barley pudding: but he rose before the rest and got into a corner, where folding his armes toghether, he sat thinking on his loue. Alalone as the rest of the swains were by from the table, and turning crabbes in the fire, she tooke her son into the cellar, & sitting downe in her chaire began thus.

Wom Mullidor, thy cheakes are leanes, & now thou lookest like Lenton, pale and wan, I saw by thy stomack to night, thou art not thine owne man: thou hadst of late (God saue the) a lonely fat pairs of cheakes, and now thou lookest like a shott-on herring: Tell me Mullidor, & feare not to tel me, for thou tellest it to thy mother, what ailest thou? Is it griesse of body, or of mind, that keypes the on the Holydaies from frisking it at the foote-ball? Thou art not as thou wert wont: and therefore say what thou aylest, and thou shalt se old women haue good counsell.

At these speches of his mother, Mullidor fetcht a great sigh: and with that (being after supper) he brake wind: which Calena

Greene's Neuer too late.

in hearing, oh sonne (quoth she) it is the collicke that troubles
the, to bed man, to bed, and we will haue a warme pot lid. The
collicke mother, no: tis a disease that all the cunning women in
the country cannot cure, and strangely it holdes me: so; some-
times it holds me in the head, some whiles in mine eyes: my
hart, my hart, oh there (my mother) it plates the diuell in a mo-
tar: somwhat it is like a frost, cold: sometimes as a fire, hot:
when I shold sleep, then it makes me wake: when I eat, it
troubles my stomacks: when I am alone, it makes mee cry
right out, I can wet one of my new lockram Napkins with
weeping. It came to me by a great chance: so; as I look on a
faire flower, a thing, I knew not what, crept in at mine eyes, &
ranne round about all my veines, and at last, gat into my heart,
and there ever since hath remaind, and there (mother) ever since
solwings me, that Mullidor must die; and with that he fell on
weeping. Calena seeing her sonne shed teares, fell to her hempen
appon, and wipte her blasured eyes, and at last demanded of him
if it were not loue. At that question he hung downe his head, and
sighed. Ah my sonne (quoth she) now I see tis loue: so; he is
such a sneaking fellow, that if he but leape in at the eye-lid, and
dive downe into the heart, and there rests as cold as a stome, yet
touch him, and he will scrake: so; tell me, Mullidor, what is she
that thou louest, and will not loue thā? If she be a woman, as I
am, she cannot but fancy thā: so; mine eye, though it be now old
(and with that went vp her appon, & she wipte them cleare) hath
beene a wanton when it was young, and would haue chosen at
the first glance, the properest springall in the Parish: and trusste
me, Mullidor, but be not poud of it, when I looke on thā, I finde
thā so louely, that I count her worse then accurst, would not
chuse thā for her Paramour. With these wordes Mullidor be-
ganne to smile, and troubled his mother ere she had halfe ended
her tale, on this manner.

Mother, I may rightly compare the Church to a looking-glaſſe,
so; as a man may ſee himſelfe in the one, & there ſe his propor-
tion: so in the other, the wenches eyes are a certificate: so; vpon
whom you ſe all the girlies looke, he ſo; ſtoote and face, carries a-
way the bell; and I am ſure, ſo; these two yéeres I never came
into the Church, & was no ſwifter ſet, but the wenches began to
winkes

The Second Part.

Winks one on another, to looke on me and laugh. Oh faire mother, when a dogge wagges his taile, hee loues his master, and when a wanton laughes, soz my life she is ouer the head & eares in loue. Then if my fortune serue mee to be so well thought on, why shold I not benture on her I loue? It is (mother) Seladors daughter Mirimida. Now Gods blessing on thy heart (quoth Calena) for louing such a smugge lasse, marry her (my sonne) and thou shalt haue my benison in a clout. Mirimida marrie it is no macuell, if thy chakkes be fallen soz her: why, theer is the fairest blossomme in all the Towne: to her, sonne, to her, tricke thy selfe vp in thy best reparel, & make no bones of it: but on a twooing: soz women's desires, I may tell thiz dog, are like children's fancies, wonnes oft with an Apple, when they refuse an Angell, and Mullidor, take this with thee and feare not to spade: A womans frowne is not ever an instance of choler: if she refuse thee outwardly, she regardes thee inwardly, and if she shake thee vp, and bid thee be packing, haue the better hope. Cats & dogs come together by scratching: if she smile, then sunne, say to thy selfe, she is thine; and yet women are wily cattell, soz I haue seene a woman laugh with anger, and kill him shee hath desired to kill: She will be coy (Mullidor) but care not soz that, tis but a thing of course: speake thou faire promise much, praise her highly, commend her beauty aboue ali, and her vertue more then all, sigh often, and shew thy selfe full of passions, and as sure as thy cap is of wooli, the wench is thine.

Mullidor hearing his mother gine such good counsaile, said he would leopard a ioynt, and the next day haue a fling at her. With that he said, his heart was eased, and his stomacke somewhat come downe with her good perswasion: whereupon the Ambry was opened, and he turned me ouer a cantle of Chase, & went to bed. The next morning vp he rose, and his holyday robes went on his startops new blackt, his cap faire brusht, & a cleane lockeram band. Thus attired, away flieg Mullidor to the field, and carried away his shepe, and led them into the plaines where Mirimida sought to feed her socks: comming there, hee met her all alone, sitting all alone vnder a Beech tre, weaning of herds, to catch birds: as soone as Mullidor spyeid her, his heart leapt soz joy, and ther seeing him, laught, which was a great hylpe to his courage:

Greenes Neuer too late.

courage : that ruffing roughly toward her, he said thus.

Mistris Mirimida, here is weather that makes grasse plentie, and sheeps fat , by my troth there never came a more plenteous yere : and yet I hane one shape in my fold thats quite out of liking, and if you knew the cause, you would marvelle. The other day as he was grasing, he espied a spotted ewe feeding before him, with that he fell to gaze on her , and that so long, that he wagged his tail so: very ioy ; he came to her, and with a sheepish curtisne courted her ; the ewe was coy and butted him, which strooke him so to the heart, that casting a shryps eye at her, away he goes, and ever since he lies by himselfe and pines away. I pray you Mistris Mirimida, what think you of this ewe? Mirimida perceyuing by this shme, that little wit had oft fancies, and swoles were within the compasse of Loves warrant : whereupon thinking to bring him into a paradise, she made this answere.

I am an ill judge, Mullidor, and yet because I am a shyphearde, and this is a shrypish question, that the Ewe shold be the first that shold be fatted of all the flocke : and in reuenge of her crudelty, sold to the Butcher. Soz I tell this, Mullidor, she that is cruell in loue, is like to a Rose, that pricketh when it shold be gathered. May you so Mirimida (quoth he?) then may I be the bolder to breake out my minde unto you: for surely I am the shape that ever since I markt your beauty, haue bene inflamed with your sweet looks, and not daring boult out mine affection, haue pined away, as you may see by my chakes: and refuse my swde : and you Mirimida are the Ewe that hath caught Mullidor captiue. Therefore now that I bittre howl loue, and conet how you shold loue againe, take heed you refuse not: for if you do, by my iudgement you shall be sold to the Butcher for your crudelty. Mirimida, hearing the asse ruffle in his rude eloquence, smilid to her selfe , and thought that Venus fires as well warme the peple as the rich, and that desomity was no meanes to abyidge fancy: whereupon she replied thus. Why Mullidor, are you in loue: and with me , is there none but Mirimida that can fit your eyes: being so many beautifull damsels in Thessaly? take heed, man, looke before you leape, less you fall into the ditch : I am not good enouf for so proper a man as your selfe, especially being his mothes eldest sonne, what, Mullidor, let me consolide you, there are moze

The second Part.

more maids then Malkin, & the country hath such choyce as may
byed your better content: for my part at this time, I meane not
to marry. Tis no matter, quoth Mullidor, what you say: for my
mother told me, that maides at first would be coy when they are
wooed, and mince it as it were a pare ouer a mouthfull of thil-
lies. yet were not a whit the woorle to be likte, for twas a mat-
ter of custome. Well then Mullidor, quoth Mirimida, leue off at
this time to talke of loun, & hope the best: to morrow perchance it
will be better, for women are like unto chilouzen, that will oft re-
fuse an apple, and straight cry for the paring, and when they are
most hungry, then for sullennes fall. This Mullidor, quoth she, is
the frowardnes of loun. Marry then, quoth he, if they hane chil-
drens maladies, twere good to use chilidens medicines, & thatts
a red, for be they never so froward, a lerk or two will make them
forward: and if that wold bring women to a good temper, my
mother hath a litle endgell, and I haue a good arme.

Thus these two past away the day, till presently they espied
a farre off a Gentleman with a hawke on his fist, to come riding
towards them, who drawing neare, and seeing so faire a Pinyp,
reind his horse and stood still, as Acton, when he gazed at Dia-
na: at the last he alighted, and comming towards her, saluted
her thus curteously. Faire virgin, when I saw such a sweet saint
with such a crooked apostle, I straight thought Venus had borne
walking abroad to take the aise with Vulcan: but as soone as
mine eies begā narrowly to make suruey of thy beauty, I found
Venus blemishit with thy rare excellency: Happy are these shāpe
that are folded by such a paragon: and happy are those shāpe-
heards that enjoy the presence of such a beanteous creature, no
marnelis Apollo became a swaine, or Mercury a neat-heard, whē
their labours are recompensit with such lounes. My selfe, faire da-
mōsel, if either my degrē were worthy, or my deserts any, wold
crane to haue entertainement to become your dutifull servant.
At this while Mirimida held downe her head, and blisht: at last,
lifting vp her eyes full of modesty, and her face full of chaste
colours, such as shewth out the fronts of Dianes virgins, she made
the Gentleman this answer. My servant sir (said shē) no, your
woorth is farre aboue my wealth, and your dignitie too high for
my degrē; þowre country dasels must not alme to high at so loun,

Greenes Neuer too late.

Ne; file too fast in deßires, leſt looking at their ſet with the peacocke, they let fall their plumes, & ſo shame at their owne follieſt but if my degrē were ſo great as to entertaine ſuch ſervants, I muſt deflow upon them ſome changeable linery, to ſhew the varietie of their mindes: fo; certaine, mens hearts are like to the Polype, that will change into all colours but blue, and their thoughts into all effects but conſtanſie: In that fir, your eye daſtled and miſſtoke me fo; Venus, you gayne againſt the ſonne, and ſo blemiſh your ſight, o; else you haue eaten of the rotes of hemlocke, that makes mens eyes conceit baſene obiects: howſoever (as I take you fo; a Gentleman) fo I take your piaſe fo; a ſtrumpet: and ſo your way lies beſore you: but muſt folde our ſlocks, and you may be gone when you pleafe. In faith quoth he, Oenone chose Paris fo; her Phere in her labours, and her ſellow in her lovethe thinking the ſweeteſt face the beſt fairing fo; a gentlewomanſ eye: But you conterarie haue got a ſmoakie Vulcan, as Venus, to ſet out your excellencie: fo as Chriftall placed by Jeate, ſeems the moſt pure: fo a beauteous Paragon ſhewes the moſt faire, ioyned with a deformed paſtant. Mullidor hearing the Gentleman thus abuse his patiencie, as a man concerte in his owne properneſſe, and especially afoxe Mirimida, thwarted him thus. Pon master meacock, that ſtand upon the beauty of your charnemilke face: as þag wiſh your Bozzard on your firſt, as a dole under an Apple tree, knowe that we country swaines, as we are not beholding to Nature fo; beautie, ſo wee little acount of fortune fo; any fauor: Touch man my crowneback harboorth moſe honest condition, then thy flering countenance: and theſe courſe ſuites can fetch moſe pence then thy likis: fo; I belieue thou makeſt a conſe of the Perrers booke: thou haſt made ſuch ſure entranſe there, that thou wiſt never from thence till thou deſt ſoyne ſat by the eareſ. Goodman Courtier, we haue queaſe ſtomackes that wiſt hardly brooke them: and therefore one foolie, be gon with your foolie, o; I wiſt o belabour you, as you haue ſeſt my fingers thiſ ſortnight: and with that, Mullidor heaued by his ſharpehooke, and bent hiſ bowes, ſo that the gentleman giving to Mirimida the adue, he puts ſpurs to hiſ horſe and went away.

At thiſ manly part of Mullidor, Mirimida laught hartily, and
he

The second part.

he tooke a great conceit that his had shewed himselfe such a tall man. Upon this, Mirimida gave him a nosegay which stooche in her bosome for a favour, which he accepted so gratefully, as if another had given him a tunne of gold. Right dñe on, and they solde their shippes and departed, thise to her father, and he to olde Calena, as joyfull a man as Paris, when he had the promise from Venus : he plodded on his way with his head full of passions, and his heart full of new thoughts, and still his eie was upon the nosegay, insomuch that he stood in a doubt whether it were Loue, or some other fury then Loue, that thus hincht him and pincht him : at last he fell with himselfe into this hinde of meditation. Now doe I perceine that loue is a purgation, and searches every beine, that though it enter in at the eie, yet it rys to the heart, and then it keepe an olde coile, where it worketh like a Jugglers boxe. Oh loue thou art like to a flea, which bitest soze, and yet leapest away and art not to be found, or to a pot of strong ale, that maketh a man call his father wholeton; so both of them be witch a mans wits that he knoweth not a W, from a batilouze, Infortunate Mullidor, and therese; unfortunate, because thou art over the eares in loue, and with whom? with Mirimida, whose eyes ars like to sparks of fire, and thine like a pound of butter, like to be melted with her beautifull, & to consume with the syring flame of fancy. Ah Mullidor, her face is like to a redde and white Rose growing in a gréne meadow, and thou like a W, that commest and suckest hony from it, & carriest it home to the huse with a heave and hos, that is as much to say, as with a head ful of woes, and a heart ful of sorowes and maladies. Be of good chere, Mirimida laughs on thise, and thou knowest, a womans smile is as good to a louer, as a sun-shine day to a hay-maker, she shewes thise kind looks, and casts many a sharpe-eie at thise, which signifies that she countis the man worthy to lumpe a march with her; nay, moze, Mullidor, he hath given thise a nosegay of flowers, wherein as a top-gallant for all the rest, is set in Rosemary for remembraunce : Ah Mullidor, cheere thy selfe, feare not, and loue fortune fauors lusty lads, cowards ars not friends to affection, therefore venture for thou hast won her, els had she not given thise this nosegay: & with this remembraunce himselfe, he start by, left off his amorous passions, & trudged home to his house,

Greenes Neuer too late.

house, where comynge in , olde Calena stumbles to see in what
humour her sonne came home; fralick he was and his cap on the
one side, he askt if supper were ready : his mother fixing his sma-
ckes was good, thought there was some hope of her sons gud
to:ture, and therfore said, there was a pudding in the pot that is
almost enough, but sonne quoth she, what newes ? what successe
in thy loues ? howd both Mirimida like thys ? Ah mother, qu. Mulli-
dor, and he smilid, how shold I bee vised, but as one that was
swappid in his mothers smooke when he was borne : Can the
Sun want heat, and the winter cold, or a proper man bee denied
his lutes ? No mother, as soone as I beganne to circumglaze her
with my sophisstry , and to fetch her about with two or thre ve-
nies from mine eyes . I gave her such a thump on the brest, that
she would scarce say no : I told her my minde, and wazp her 'n
the prodigality of my wit, that she said another time shold : but
then we parted laughing, with such a strokē smile, that made me
lose in the hast like a dudgyn dagger : shee gave me this nosegay
for a fauour, which how I esteeme it, gesse you: thus haue I vised
her in kindnesse , and she vised me in curtise : and so I hope we
shall make a friendly conclusion. By my troth, quoth she, and I
hope no lesse, soz I tell you, when maides giue gifts, they means
well, and a woman if she laugh with a glauncing look, wisheth it
were neither to do noz vndone: she is thine, my sonne, feare not :
and with that she laid the cloth, & set victuals on the boord, wheres
Mullidor triid himselfe so tall a trenched-man , that his Mother
perceived by his dzyst he would not die so loue. Leving this pas-
sonate lubber to the conceit of his loues , let vs retorne to the
young courtier called Radagon, who trotting a saf pace vpon his
courser , fixyngh the Sunne now bright, and then ouer-shadowed
with clouds , began to compare the state of the weather fantas-
tically to the humour of his Mirimidaes fancies , saying, When
Phœbus was eclipsē with a vapour, then shee lowred, when hee
shewyd his glory in his brightnes, then shee smiled. Thus he dal-
lied in a vnooth motion so long , that at last he began to feele a
fire that fretted to the heart. Riding thus in a quandary , he en-
terred into the consideration of Mirimidaes beauty, to hereupon fro-
lickly in a extempozate humoz, he made this Sonnet.

Radagons

The second part.

Radagons Sonnet.

No cleere appear'd vpon the azurd skye,
A vayle of stormes had shaddowed *Phabns* Yace,
And in a sable mantle of disgrace
Sat he that y'cleped heauens bright eye,

As though that he,
Perplext for *Clistia*, meant to leaue his place,
And wrapt in sorrowes did resolute to die :
For death to louers is euer nye :
Thus folded in a hard and mournefull blaze,

Distrest sare hee.

A misty fogge had thickned all the ayre,
Iris late solemne and denied her shoures :
Flora in tawny hid vp all her flowers,
And would not diaper her meades with faire,

As though that she

Were arm'd vpon the barren earth to lowre.
Vnto the founts *Diana* nild repaire,
But fate as overshadowed with despaire,
Solemne and sad within a withered bowre,

Her Nymphs and she.

Mars malecontent lay sickle on *Venus* knee,
Venus in dumpes sat muffled with a frownie,
Juno laid all her frolick humors downe,
And *Io* was all in dumpes as well as she.

Twas Fates decree.

For *Neptune* (as he meant the world to drowne,)
Heau'd vp his surges to the highest tree,
And leagu'd with *Eol*, mard the Seamans glee,
Beating the Cedar, with his billowes downe,

Thus wroch was he.

My misbris deignes to shew her sun-bright face,
The ayre cleerd vp, the cloudes did fade away,
Phaebs was frolike when we did display
The gorgeous beauties that her front doe graces

So that when she

But walke abroad, the stormes then fled away,
Flora did checker all her trading place,

And

Greenes Neuer too late.

And *Neptune* calmde the surges with his mace,
Diana and her Nymphs were blithe and gay,
When her they see.

Venus and *Mars* greed in a smile:
And galous *Inno* ceased now to lowre,
Jone saw her face, and sighed in his bowre,
Iris and *Eo* laught within a while

To see this glee:

Ah borne was she within a happy houre
That makes heaven, earth, and Gods and all to smile?
Such wonders can her beauteous works compile,
To cleare the world from any froward lowre,

Ah blest be shee.

Whan Radagon had framde his fancies, he began with sundry
insyng thoughts to consider, that she was beautifull & of a base
country b*yd*, where vertue alioone dwelleth as in high digni-
ties: that her wit was sharpe, and Nature had done her part to
make her every way excellent, as well in exterior perfection, as
in inward qualities: though her fortunes were low, yet her de-
fices were modest: and prond she could not be, as being poc^e:
to be penaish were bootelesse, in that her hope did not aspire, her
lookes betwaid shew no wanton: & her blushing, that she was
bathfull: every way she seemed verious, as she was beautifull.

The consideration of her excellency so pierced the hart of Ra-
dagon, that from liting he fell to loue, from small p^eapses unto
great passions. Unsh, quoth he, though wedlocke bin a thing so
doubtfull & dangerous to deale withall, as to sike roses amongst
thornes, Cales amongst Scorpions, & one pure portion amongst
a thousand boxes of confection yet nature doth establish it as ne-
cessary. Law as honest, and reason as profitable. Some Cyniche
(as Diogenes) will thwart it with a dilemma, & say, that so yong
men tis too soone, so old men too late to marry, concluding so e-
nigmatically, it were not good to marry, at all: other will say, as
Arminius a ruler of Carthage said, who being impotunately per-
suaded to marry, answered, No, said he, I dare not: for if I chance
upon one that is wise, she wil be willful, if wealthy, then wanton,
if pr^ere, then penaish, if beantifull, then prond. If deformed, then
loathsome: & the least of these is able to kill a thousand men. In-
dide

The second part.

Wherde I cannot denie, but oft sub melle late venenum, that vertue
is like a box of Fury containing some baleful Aconiton, or to a
faire shwe that wryngs the soule : such loue as is laid vpon such a
foundation is a shwoyt pleasure full of paine, & an affection bought
with a thousand miseries, but a woman that is faire & vertuous
makeþ her husband a joyfull man, and whether he be rich, or
poore yet alwayes he may haue a joyfull heart. A woman that is
of a silent tongue, shamefull in countenance, sober in behaviour,
and honest in condition, adornd with vertuous qualities corre-
spondent, is like a godly pleasant flower, deckt with the colours
of al the flowers of the garden: and such a one (quoth he) is Mi-
rimida, & therefore though that he be poore, I will loue her, and like
her: and if shē will lancie me, I will make her my wife. And up-
on this he resolued to prosecute his sute towards her, insomuch
that as soone as he came home and had rested himselfe a while,
he slept to his standish, and wrote her a letter.

Radagon was not moze pained with this passionate maladic,
then moze Eurymachus, who could take no rest, although every
day in her presence he fed his eye with the beauty of her face:
but as the Hidaspis, the more he drinckes, the more thirsty he is, so
Eurymachus, the more he looked, the more he loued, as hauing
his eye depply enamored of the object: reueale any moze his
sute he durst not, because when he began to chat of loue, she shakt
him off, & either flung away in a rage, or else forst him to fall to
other p;atice, insomuch that he determined to discourse his mind
in a letter which he performed as cunningly as he could, and sent
it her. Muliadur that alle rapt out his reasons diuers times to
Mirimida, vntill she was weary of the gromes importunate ser-
ties, and so with a sharpe word or two nipt him on the pate:
whereupon asking his mothers counsaile, she perswaded him to
write unto Mirimida, although he and a pen, were as fit as an
alle and a harpe: yet he bought him paper, and stealing into the
Churchyard under an apple tree, there in his Huskes fram'd a
letter and sent her. Thus had fortune (meaning to be mercie)
appointed in her secret synads, that all these thre should vse one
meanes to possesse their loues, and brought it so to passe, that the
thre letters from these thre ruals were delivered at one in-
stant: which when Mirimida saw, she sat her downe and laught,

Greenes Neuer too late.

wondring at ther rarenes of this chance, that shold in a moment
byng such a conceit to passe: at last (soz as then shd was leading
forth her shrepe) she sat her downe, and looking on the super-
scription said to her selfe: That Adamants are faire faces, that
can drowne both rich pore, and swoles to lode in the labyrinth of
their beauties? At this she sighed, and the first letter shd broke o-
pen, because he was her first Louer, was Euy machus. The con-
tents wherof are these.

Euy machus the Shepheard, to Mirimida the
Goddess of Thesfaly.

VV Hen (Mirimida) I sit by thy sweet selfe, & wonder at thy
present sight, seeing as the Wer upon the wealth of thy
beauties, the conceit of thins excellency drives me into an ex-
tie, that I become dumbe with onerous delight: soz Nature
sets downe this as an authenticke principle:

Sensibile sensu suppositum nulla sit sensatio.

If the flower be put in the nostrill, there is no smel: the colour
clapt close to the eye, blcmishesth the sight: so a louer in presence
of his Mistress, hath the organs of his speche tied, that he con-
ceales with silence, and fighes out his smothered passions with
sorrowes.

Ah Mirimida, consider that loue is such a fire, as either wil burst
forth, or burne the house: it is such a stremme, as will either haue
his course, or breake through the banks & make a deluge, or else
torze their heartstrings crack with secrecie. Then Mirimida if I
be lauish in my pen, blame me not that am so laden with loue:
if I be bold, attribute it to thy beauty, not my impudency: and
think what I louer-dare in, it growes through the extremity of
loyall affection, which is so deeply imprinted in my thoughts as
neither time can diminish, nor misfortune blemish. I aime not,
Mirimida, at thy wealth, but at thy vertues: soz the more I con-
sider thy perfection, the more I grow passionate, and in such an
humor, as if thou deny, theris no meanes to cure my malady,
but the salve which healeth all incurable sores, & that is death.
Therefore sweet (Mirimida) consider of my loues, & vse me as my
loyalste deserves: let not my poverty put in any barre, no; the
basenes of my birth be any excuse of thy affection: weigh my de-
ficiencys, not my degras, & either send me a spedye plaufer to salue
me

The second part.

my despairing passions, or a corrasine to cut off my linging sorowes; either thy fauours with life, or thy dentall with death, betwene which I rest in hope till I heare thine answere.

Thine who can be no others but thine,

the Shepheard Eurymachus.

To the end of this letter (so that he would run descant upon his wit) he set downe a Bonnet written in the forme of a Madrigall, thus:

Eurymachus in tandem Mirimidis;
his Motto.

Inuita fortuna dedit uox a concordia.

Vhen Flora proud in pompe of all her flow'rs,
Sat bright and gay,

And gloriéd in the dew of Iris flowers,
And did display

Her mantle, chequered all with gawdy greene:

Then I

alone

A mournefull man in Ericine was seene:

With foulded armes I trampled through the graise,

Tracing as he

That held the throne of Fortunes brittle glasse,

And loue to be

Like Fortune, fleeting as the reilles wind,

Mixed

With mists,

Whose dampe doth make the clearest eye grow blinde.

Thus in a maze I spied a hideous flame.

I cast my sight,

And saw where blithely bathing in the same

With great delight,

A worme did lie, wrapt in a smoakie sweate;

And yet

twas strange.

It carelesse lay and shrunke not at the heat.

I stood amaz'd, and wondring at the sight,

While that a dame

That shone like to the heauens rich sparkling light,

Greenes Never too late.

Discouerst the same,
And said, my friend, this worme within the fire
Which lies
content,
Is *Venus* worme, and represents desire,
A Salamander is this princely beast,
Deckt with a Crowne
Giuen him by *Cupid* as a gorgeous crest
'Gainst Fortunes frowne:
Content he lies and bathes him in the flame
And goes
not forth,
For why, he cannot live without the same,
As he, so Louers live within the fire
Of seruent loue,
And shrinke not from the flame of hot desire,
Nor will not moue,
From any heate that *Venus* force imparts:
But be
content
Within a fire, and waste away their hearts.
Up flew the dame and vanish't in a cloud,
But there stood I,
And many thoughts within my minde did shroud
My loue: for why
I felte within my heart a scorching fire,
And yet
As did
The Salamander, 'twas my whole desire.

Mirimida having read this sonnet. Shee straight (beeing of a pregnant wit) conceited the drift of his Madrigall, smil'd and laid it by: and then next tooke up Radagons letter, which was written to this effect.

Radagon of Theffalie, to the faire Shepheard-
desse Mirimida, health.

I Cannot tell (faire spistris) whether I should praise Fortune
as a friend, or curse her as a fo, hauing at unawares presented

The second part.

me with the bies of your perfection, which sight may bes either the summe of my blisse, or the beginning of my bale: for in you rests the ballance either to weigh mee downe my due with curtesie, or my denyall with extreme unkindnesse. Such as are prickt with the bones of the Dauphin, heare musick, and they are presently healed of their malady: they which are eyuenomed with the Cliper, rub the soare with Rubarb, and selle a remedy; & those which drinke Aconiton, are cured by Antidotcs. But loun as like the sting of a Scorpion, it must be salved by affection: for neither charme, heare, stome, nor mineral bath vertue to cure it: which made Apollo exclaime this passion.

Heimili quod nullis amor est medicabilis herbis.

With the same distresse (sweet Mirimida) am I pained, who lighting by chance as Paris did in the bale of Idas upon Venus, but I scarce me lesse courteous then Venus. I have no golden apple (faire Nymph) to present thee with, so to prove the supreme of beauty: but the denotion of my thoughts is offered humbly at thy faire, which shall ever confess none so beauteous as Mirimida. Then as Venus so reward gave Paris Helen, so courteous Nymph be prodigall of thy fauours, and give me thy heart, which shall be to me more deare then a hundred Helens.

But here perhaps thou wilt object, that mens pleas are like Painters pensels which draw no substance but shadowes, that to the wrost proportions giue the richest colours, and to the costliest pictures the finest glasses; that what we write is of course, and when we find passions, then are we least passionate, having sorrowfull pens when we haue secure hearts, and lowring looks when we haue laughing thoughts. I cannot deny (sweete Britis) but that hot loues are like a burning blaze, and that men can promise more in a moment, then they will performe in a mont. I know there was a Demophoon that deceived Phillis, an Aeneas that falsified his faith to Dido, a Theseus that forsooke his Ariadne: yet measure not all by some mens minds: of a few particular instances, conclude not generall axioms: though some haue bin fletting, thinke not all to be false: try me, I referre your passions to my prooife, and as you finde me louall, so reward mee with loue. I crave no authenticall grant, but a superficiall fauor,

Greenes Neuer too late.

Say (Mirimida) that Radagon shall be welcome if he be faythfull,
and then my hope shall comfort my heart. In which suspence I
rest confinced at the barres of your curtesie. Farewell.

*Mirimidaes Radagon, though she will not
be Radagon Mirimida.*

This shē read over twise and blisht at it, as felling a little
heat, but straight she sighed, and shakt it from her heart, and had
laid it by, but that turning over the next page, she espied certaines
verses, which was a Canzon pend thus:

*Radagon in Dianam
Non iuga Taurus amat: quetamen odit habet.*

It was a valley gawdy greene,
Where *Dian* at the fount was feene:

Greene it was,
And did passe
All other of *Dianas* Bowers,
In the pride of *Florae* flowers.
A fount it was that no Sunne fees,
Circled in with *Cypre* trees,
Set so neare,
As *Phæbus* eye
Could not doe the Virgins scathe,
To see them naked when they bathe.
She sat there all in white,
Colour fitting her delight.

Virgins so
Ought to goe:
For white in Armorie is plac't,
To be the colour that is chaste.
Her raffata Cassocke might you see,
Tucked vp aboue her knee,
Which all did shew
There below
Legs as white as Whales bone,
So white and chaste was never none.

The second part.

Hard by her vpon the ground,
Sate her Virgins in a round,
Bathing their
Golden haire,
And singing all in notes hie,
Fie on *Venus* flattering eye.
Fie on Loue, it is a toy,
Cupid wilesse, and a boy,
All her fires
And desires
Are plagues that God sent from on hie,
To pester men with miserie.
As thus the Virgins did disdaine,
Louers ioy, and Louers paine;
Cupid ne
Did espie
Crieuing at *Dianes* song,
Slily stole these maids among,
His bow of Steele, darts of fire,
He shot amoungst them sweet desire,
Which straight flies
In their eyes,
And at the entrance made them start,
For it ran from eye to heart.
Calisto straight supposed *Ione*,
Was faire and frolicker for to loue.
Dian shee
Scap't not free,
For well I wot hereupon
She lou'd the swaine *Endymion*.
Clistis, *Phabas*, and *Cloris* eye,
Thought none so faire as *Mercenarie*:
Venus thus
Did discusse.
By her sonne in darts of fire,
None so chaste to checke desire.
Dian rose with all her maides,
Blushing thus at Loues braids,

With

Greenes Never too late.

With fighes all
Shew their thrall,
And flinging hence pronounce this Saw,
What so strong as Loues sweet law?

Mirimida having read the Letter of Radagon, perceived that lone was in his eyes, and perhaps had slyly toucht his hart: but she that was chaire of her choice, and resolute not to letter her selfe with fancie, did passe ouer these passions, as men doe the shadowes of a Painters pensell, which while they view, they praise, and when they have praised, passe over without any more remembrance: yet she could not but enter into the humorous reach of his conceit, how he checkt the coy disdain of women in his Sonet: she blushed, and her thoughts went away with her blood, and so she lighted on the letter that Mullidor had sent her, which drawe her into a pleasant haine, The effects of his passions were these.

Mullidor the male-content, with his pen clapt full
of loue, to his Mistris Mirimida
greeting.

A fter my hearty commendations remembred, hoping you
be in as good health, as I was at the making hereof. This
is to certifie you, that loue may well be compared to a bottle of
hay, which once set one fire, will never be quenched: or to a cup
full of strong ale, which when a man hath once tasted, he never
leaves till he hath drunke it all vp: so Mistris Mirimida, after
the furious flames of your eyes had set my poore heart vpon the
coales of loue, I was so scorched on the gridiron of affection,
that I had no rest til I was almost turned to a coale, and after I
had tasted of the liquor of your sweet phisick, I never left sup-
ping of your amiable countenance, till with lone I was almost
ready to burst. Consider with your self, fair Shepheardesse, that
poore mens ele paine aswell as Princes: that Mullidor is sick of
such a malady, as by no meaneas may bee cured, unlesse your
selfe lay a scar cloth to draw away my sorowes: then be pitti-
fall to me, lest you be counted disdainful, to put so trusty a louer
ou

The second part.

out of his right wits : for theres nohoe, but either I must have
you, or else for very plaine loue run mad. It may be (Mirimida)
you thinke me too base for your beauty : why, when you haue
married me, I am content to serue you as a man, and to doe all
those indeuours that belong to a servant , and rather to hold
you for my Mistris, then my wife : then seeing you shall haue the
souerainty at my hands, which is a thing that al women desire,
loue me, swot Mirimida, & thinke this, if you match with me, old
Calena my mother hath that in a clout, that wil doe vs both god.
Thus besyng you will ponder my passions in your minde , & be
moore curteous then so easie a yong man for loue. Farewel.

Yours halfe mad, because he would be
yours, Mullidor the malecontent.

Such a poetical fury tooke Mullidor in the braines , that he
thought to shew his vaine in verse , and therefore annexed to his
letter this pleasant Ditty.

Mullidors Aladrigall.

Dildido, dildido,
Oh loue, oh loue,
I feele thy rage rumble below and above,

In sommer time I saw a face,
Trop belle pour moy helas helas;
Like to a ston'd horse was her pace:
Was euery young man so dismaid?
Her eyes like wax torches did make me afraid,
Trop belle pour moy, voila mon trespass.

Thy beautie (my loue) exceedeth supposes,
Thy haire is a nettle for the nicest roses,
Mon dieu aide moy
That I with the Primrose of my fresh wit,
May tumble her tyranny vnder my feete,
He donc que ic sera un iennye roy.
Trop belle pour moy helas helas.
Trop belle pour moy, voila mon trespass.



Mirimida

Greene's Neuer too late.

Mirimida having read this humorous fancy of Mullidor, began thus to meditate with her selfe. Listen not, sond wrench hit to leue, soz if thou dost thou learnest to loose, thou shalt find grieve to be thy gaines, and folly the pay-mistris that rewards all amorous travels. If thou wed thy selfe to Radagon, thou artesse beyond thy reach: and looking higher then thy fortunes, thou wilt repent thy desires: soz Mirimida, affects beyond compasse haue oftentimes ill effects, rich robes haue not ever sweet content, & therfore the meane is the merriest honour. What then, must Euryinachus of all these thys be the man that must make vp the match? he is a Shepheard and harboz quiet in his cottage, his wishes are not above his wealth, nor doth his conceit climbe higher then his deserts. He hath sufficient to shroud the from want and to mainaine the state of an honest life. Shepheards wrong not their wyves with suspition, nor do Country Swaines esteeme lesse of their loues then higher degrés. But Mirimida, meane men haue frownes as well as Dings: the least haire bath his shadow, the Fly her spéne, the Ant her gall, and the poorest Peasant his choler. Peasants can wold a cudgel better then a great Lord, and dissention will haue a fling amongst the meane. If therfore mariage must haue her inconuenience, better golden gyues then iron letters. What saies thou then to Mullidor? that he is Mullidor, and let that suffice to shake him off as a Wolfe: soz it were thy discredit to haue only a Woodcock to kepe the Wolfe frō the doore. Why then meanest thou not to loue? No, sond lasse, if thou be wise: soz what is swarter then libertie? And what burthen heavier then the fill of a froward husband? Amongst many Scooplions thou lookest for one Cele: amongst a hedge ful of nettles for one flower: amongst a thousand flatterers for one that is faithfull: and yet when thou hast him, thy thoughts are at his wil and thy actions are limited to his humors. Beware Mirimida, strike not at a stale, because it is painted, though honey be swet, Wots haue stings: there is no sweter life then is chastity; soz in that estate thou shalt live commended and uncontrolld.

Upon this she put vp the letters, and because she would not leade her Louers into a Labyrinth of hope, she appointed them all to mee her at the Shapfolds on one day & at one houre, where the Clovers that stood upon the thornes to haere their censure, met without

The second Part.

without fail: After salutes past betwene Mirimida and them,
she began to parly with them thus.

Gentlemen, al riuals in loue, & aimers at one fortune, though
you thinke affect like desire to haue Mirimidaes favo[ur], yet but one
of you can weare the flower, & perhaps none: soz it is as my fan-
cy censures: thereso[ne] are you content that I shal set down which
of you, or whether none of you shall enjoy the end of your fates:
& who[le] is forsaken, to part hence with patience, & never more
to talke of his passions: to this they all agreed, & she made this
answere. Why then, Radagon and Eurymachus, weare you the
willow Garland, not that I hold either your degrees or deserts
worthlesse of a fairer then Mirimida: but that the destinies do so
appoint to my desires, that your affects cannot worke in me any
effects. At this Radagon and Eurymachus scowned, not so much
that they were forsaken, but that so beautiful a Creature would
wed her self to such a deformed asse as Mullidor: and the sole, he
slimpered it, in hope to haue the wench. Now (quoth she) Mullidor
may hope to be the man: but trust me, as I found him, I leue
him a dol in his loue, and a sole in his fortunes. At this they
laught, and he hung the head, and she left them all.

Radagon taking his Hawk to slie at the partridge: Eurymachus
marching with his Sharpooke to the solds: Mullidor bying home
to his mother to recount his mishaps, & Mirimida singeing that
there was no Goddessesse to Diana, no life to libertie, nor no loue to
chastity.

Francesco, Isabel, and all the rest of the guests applauded this
discourse of the pleasant host, and soz that it was late in the night
they al rose, and taking their leave of Francesco, departed; he and
his wife, bidding their Host goodnight, and so going to bed,
where we leue them to leade the rest of their liues in quiet.

Thus (quoth the Palmer) you haue heard the discouery of
youth follies, and a true discourse of a Gentleman's fortunes.
But now curteous Palmer, (quoth the Gentleman) it restes
that we craue, by your owne p[ro]mis, the reason of your pilgri-
mage to Venice. That (quoth the Palmer) is discouert in a word:
soz know sir, that introyning my selfe to penance for the follies of
my youths passions, haing lorne in loue, and thereso[ne] reapt all
my losse by loue: hearing that of all the Citties in Europe, Venice

Greenes Neuer too late.

hath most semblance of Venus vanities, I goe thither, not onely to see fashions, but to quip at follies, that I may draw others from that harme that hath brought me to this hazard.

The gentlewomen of Venice your neighbours, but unknowne to me, have more favours in their faces, then vertue in their thoughts: & their beauties are more curious then their qualities be precious, caring more to be figured out with Helen, then to be famous with Lucrece: they strive to make their faces gorgeuous, but never seeke to fit their mindes to their God, and couet to haue more knowledge in love then in religion: there eyes betray their wantonnesse, not their modesty: and their looks are lures that reclame no Watkes, but make them only baite at dead stales. As the Gentlewomen, so are the men, loose livers, straight louers, such as hold their cōsciences in their purses, and their thoughts in their eyes, counting that houre ill spent that fancy is not misspent. Because therfore this great City of Venice is holden Loues Paradise, thither doe I direct my Pilgrimage, that seeing their passions, I may, being a Palmer, win them to penance, by shewing the miseries that Venus mixeth with their momentary contents: if not, yet I shall carry home to my Countrimen salues to cure their sores: I shall sic much heare little, & by the insight into other mens extremes, returne more wary, meaning then to visite you, and make you privie to all.

The heidfull Host having iudicably vnderstood the pittifull report of the Palmer, giving truce to his passions with the teares he spent, and resolute to requite that thankfully which he had attended heidfully, gave this Catastrophe to his sad and sorrowfull discourses, Palmer, thou hast with the Kitrell soreshewed the forme ere it comes, painting out the shapes of loue, as lively as the grapes in Zeuxis tables were pourtrayed cunningly: thou hast lent youth Eagles eyes to behold the Sun: Achilles sword to cut and recure, leaving those medicines to salue others, that hath lost thy scise, and having burnt thy wings with the fire, by dallying too long wth the fire: thou hast bequeathed others a lesson wth the Unicorne, to prevent poyson by p̄serves, before they assale with the lip. The onely request I make in requital of my attention, is, that thou leave certainte simonies on these walls, whercon whensooner I looke, I shall remember
Francescoes

The second part.

Francescoes follies, and thy foresight.

The Palmer estiming the courteous reply of his host, and desirous to satisfie his request, drawing blood from the veine Cephalia, (on an arch of white Ivory, erected at the end of an Arbor adorning with Boniuchles and Noises) he wroote thus with his pensell.

In greener yeeres, when as my greedy thoughts
Gan yeeld their homage to ambitious will,
My feeble wit that then preuailed nougts,
Per force presented homage to his ill.

And I in follies bonds fulfild with crime,
At last vnloosde, thus spide my losse of time.

As in his circular and ceaselesse ioy,
The yere begins, and in it selfe returns;
Refresht by presence of the eye of day,
That sometimes nie, and sometimes far soiuorns;
So loue in me (conspiring my decay)
With endlesse fire my heedlesse boosome burns:

And from the end of my aspiring sinne;
My paths of error hourly doth begin.

Aries.

When in the Ram the Sun renewes his beames,
Beholding mournfull earth arraid in griefe,
That waites relief from his refreshing gleames;
The tender flocks reioycing their relief,
Do leape for ioy, and lap the siluer stremes;
So at my prime when youth in me was chiese,
All Heifer-like with wanton horne I plaid,
And by my will my wit to loue betrayde.

Tauris.

When *Phæbus* with *Europas* bearer bides,
The Spring appeares, impatient of delayes,
The labourer to the fields his plow-swaines guides,
He sowes, he plants, he builds at all affaires
When prime of yecres that many errours hides,
By fancies force did trace vngodly wayes,
I blindfold walke, disdaining to behold,
That life doth yade, and young men must be old.

Greenes Neuer too late.

Gemini.

When in the hold whereas the twinnes doe rest,
Proud Phlegon breathing fire doth last amaine,
The trees with leaues, the earth with flowers is drest :
When I in pride of yeeres and peeuish braine
Presum'd too farre, and madc fond loue my guest,
With frosts of care my flowers were nipt amaine.

In height of weale who beares a carelesse hart,
Repents too late his ouer-foolish part.

Cancer.

When in Estiuall Cancers gloomy bower
The greater glory of the heauens doth shine,
The aire is calme the birds at every stower,
To tempt the heauens with harmony diuines
When I was first in thrall to Cupids power,
In vaine I spent the May month of my time,
Singing for ioy to see me captiuic thrall
To him whose gaines are griefe, whose comfort smal!

Leo.

When in the height of his Meridian walke,
The Lyons hold containes the eye of day,
The ryping corne growes yellow in the stalke,
When strength of yeeres did blesse me every way.
Maskt with delights of folly was my talke.
Youth ripened all my thoughts to my decay :
In lust I sowed, my fruite was losse of time,
My hopes are proud, and yet my body flime,

Virgo.

When in the Virgins lap earths comfort sleepes,
Bating the furie of his burning eyes,
Both corne and fruits are fyrnid, and comfort creepes
On every plant and flowre that springing rise.
When age at last his chiese dominion keepes,
And leades me on to see my vanities,
What loue and skant foresight did make me sow
In youthfull yeers is ripened now in woe.

The second part.

Libra.

When in the ballance *Daphnes* Lemman blins ;
The Plough-man gathereth fruit for passed paine,
When I at last considered of my sinnes,
And thought vpon my youth and follies vaine ,
I cast my count, and reason now bigins
To guide mine eies with iudgement, bought with paine;
Which weeping with a better way to finde,
Or else for euer to the world be blind.

Scorpio.

When with the Scorpion proud *Apollo* plaies,
The wines are trod, and carried to their presse,
The woods are feld 'gainst winters sharpe affaires.
When grauer yeeres my judgement did addrosse,
I gan repaire my ruines and decaies,
Exchanging will to wit and soothfastnesse
Claiming from Time and Age no good but this,
To see my sinne, and sorrow for my misse.

Sagittarius.

When as the Archer in his winter hold,
The *Delian* Harper tunes his wonted loue,
The ploughman sowes and tilles his laboured mold :
When with aduice and judgement I approse,
How loue in youth hath griefe for gladness told,
The seedes of shame I from my heart remoue,
And in their steads I set downie plants of grace,
And with repente bewaile my youthfull race.

Capricornus.

When he that in *Eurotas* siluer glide
Doth baine his tresse, beholdeth *Capricorne*,
The day growes short: then hastes the winters tide,
The Sun with sparing lights doth seeme to mourne
Gray in the greene, the flowers their beauty hide.
When as I see that I to death was borne,
My strength decaid, my graue already drest,
I count my life my losse, my death my best.

Aquarius.

Greenes Never too late.

Aquarius.

When with *Aquarius* Phœbes brothers siales,
Cold frost and snowes the pride of earth betraies;
When age my head with hoarie haire doth fill,
Reason sits downe; and bids me count my daies,
And pray for peace, and blame my froward will.

In deapth of griefe in this distretile I crie

Peccavi, Domine miserere mei,

Pisces.

When in the Fishes marision *Pharus* dwells,
The dayes renew, the earth regaines his rell
When old in yeeres my wane my death foretels
My thoughts and prayers to heauen are whole address.
Repentance, youth by folly quite expels:
I long to be dissolued for my best:
That young in zeale, beaten with my god,
I may grow old to wisedome, and to God.

The Palmer had no sooner finisched his circle, but the Host ouer-read his conceit, and wondering at the excellency of his wit, from his experiance began to sucke much wisedome, and being very loth to obtaine his guest too long: after they had broken their fast, and the good man of the house curteously had given him thankes for his favour, the Palmer set forward towards Venise: whattherr he did, or how he lived, when I am aduertised (good Gentlemen) I will send you tidings. Meane while, let every one earne (by Francescoes fall) to beware, lest at last (too late) they be inforsed to bewarre.

FINIS: